

THE
RELIGION
OF
A Physician:

OR,
DIVINE MEDITATIONS

UPON
The Grand and Lesser Festivals,

Commanded to be observed in the Church of
England by Act of Parliament.

By EDMUND GAYTON, Batchelor of Physick,
And Captain Lieutenant of Foot to His Illustrious
Highness JAMES Duke of York.

Whom God preserve.

L O N D O N:
Printed by J. G. for the Author. 1663.



Great fund



P*erlegi hunc librum, cui titulus [Divine Meditations upon the Great and Lesser Festivals, &c.] in quo nihil reperio Sacris literis contrarium; ideoq; Imprimatur.*

Gnil. Brabourn, S.T.D. Reverendiss.
in Christo Patri ac D. D. Archiep.
Cant. Sacellan. Domestic.



Printed by J. G. for the Author. 1863.



To His
Royall and Illustrious HIGHNESSE,
JAMES,
DUKE OF YORK.

May it please Your Highness,

IO admit a Centurion of yours
into Your Presence, without
his Sword by his side, of
which he is most joyfully dis-
armed by this blessed change
of Peace; which he hopes
no threats of murmuring Malecontents will
be ever able to interrupt. It is long since I
waited upon your *Highnesse* after the Surren-
der

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der of *Oxford*, unto the Town of *Uxbridge*, where I took my leave of as much Happiness as could be left.

Your *Royall Father* of ever Blessed Memory, was then alive, a Confessor Royal, and soon after Martyr, for the *Protestant Religion*, the *Priviledge of Parliaments*, the *Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Lawes of the Land*. All which no man ever defended so unto Blood as Himself, nor indeed could any man: For He was butteressed up by especial Grace, high Understanding, the Pen of a ready Writer and invincible Patience.

Not long after His bloody *Exit* off the Stage of this World, with the general *Plaudit* of good Men and Angels, your Highnesse made an happy escape from *St. James's*, where you now are at more Liberty (God be thanked) then before. I have lov'd the Play of *Hide and Seek* ever since, and with just regard honour those Gentlemen, who from the *Royall Bo-peep* were grand Instruments to metamorphize the *Pyrocles* of their Land into a *Philo-clea*.

Who would not take this History for a Romance, were it not that the truth thereof is undeniable?

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undeniable? How did the *Red Rose* blush, adorn'd in a Silk Gown and Sattin Petticoat? with what Art and cover of Handkerchiefs or Gloves did you imitate Virgin smiles, even to the beguiling those who knew of your disguise? the Pilot and Master of the Ship never carried such a noble Freight, which was his Barques protection and tutelary power: Not a Tar-paulin but would have throwne his cap at you, while the enamour'd winds followed your Ship with all speed, more to salute the *Royal Passenger*, then to forward the sailes..

Credentne posteri? Posterity will stagger in belief of the future Annals, and Credulity it self will stand awhile dubious, when it shall be wrote, That two such *High descended Brothers*, should be preserved, the one in *standing*, the other in *swimming Oak*. Properly from hence shall our Ships be called *The walls of this Nation*, which kept safe such a *Royal Depositum* and Charge.

Sacra Jovi Quercus.

The *Oak* is a Tree dedicate to *Jupiter*, and no doubt it was never more divine then in those

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two Services. The *Oak*, as it is in it selfe free from Thunder-stroaks, so it prov'd to all in its protection, and loyally secured your Royal Persons from the roarings and thunderings of our late Bull-Rampant, who rag'd like *Hercules furens* in his poisoned shirt at your Highness his Escape, and never recovered his spirits after His Majesty's Deliverance from him and his Blood-hounds. For though he died not presently upon the *effugium*, yet, as Queen *Mary* said of the losse of *Callice*, you might find the *sad impressions* of that miscarriage imprinted in her heart. Let a new *Dodona's Grove* be revived upon this *Royal Tree*, which crushed the spreading growth of that luxuriant Bramble, which had like to have overspread all the lesser Trees of the Forest, which hath over-topped the neighbour *Vine*, and the remoter *Olive*, and brought the *Willow* to a just subjection.

Sacred be that *Oak*, whereby we Shrubs of the *Myrtle* and the *Lawrel Grove* doe shoot up again, more then cropt and brouz'd by the Vermine of those dayes. For all that while your Captain was in a *Brown study* in the City, and at many a dangerous *Forrage* in the Countrey.

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treys. In which solitudes these ensuing *Meditations* were wrote, and did visit some friends abroad, when the *Author* durst not. Now as Gentlemen who keep Hounds, send a couple to some friend, and a couple to another, until there be a free time for game : So I (the liberty of Studies being restor'd in *Cesar* onely) have called home these *disperfed Poems*, and brought them to hunt in a narrow compasse. I am sure they do not run Counter, nor are at a fault, but all follow upon the right scent, and open in good musick, and go along in harmony (pardon the *Metaphor*) with the *Uniforme Pack*.

I humbly present these *Fancies* (*Royal Sir*) to Your Highness protection, which is a Goord too good for their shelter; yet the amplitude of your extended favour may shroud at once a Captain, a Physitian, and a small Poet. In all or any of which Capacities, it is my desire to be ever esteemed (though at a most mannerly distance)

SIR,

Your Royall Highness his most
obedient Captain and Servant,

EDM. GAYTON.



To the
Favourable **R E A D E R.**

QUOD feliciter vortat Academici, &c.
That it may prove happy to my Mother the Church, and our Civil Father the King, and his Ward or Pupil (for that is all the Wards is left him) the Common-wealth. I have wrote these following Meditations in a time, when it was not a sin, but punishment to observe them. I remember very well, that those two famous Prelates of our Church, the Bishop of London-derry, and the eminent Scholar Dr. Gunning, with many others, were questioned for celebrating the Nativity of our Saviour, when the third of September was kept most religiously for the routing of a King. But,

Crescit sub pondere virtus.

The Dog barks, but the Moon goes on : 'Tis not the threats of men, nor their unjust oppressions must scare us from doing our duty. I have heard a learned Pre-

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late say, That Nemo, moritur in officio, a Vice-chancelour hath not leifure to be sick: and it hath obtained this Faith *de facto*, that even those spirituall aduenturers I before named, have triumphed over their persecutions, and they live in honour and high esteem, when the Remora's and Sword-fish of those dayes, the Thorns and Briars of their sides are crackling, as under a pot, in their abhorred Non-conformity. If ever there may be a boast of visibility, or of infalibility of a single Church, then modestly we of our Church may lay some small claim to it; which from the scoffs of our neighbours, and the deplored opinion of most of her own spurious children is raised. (Deo Gratias) like Job from the dunghil, more rich, more honoured, more conspicuous then ever: so that I may say of my restored Mother and King, as it was said of Marius returning from the Lake of Minturnum, where he was forced to skulk from the proscriptions of Scylla, Catenæ, fuga, exilium honorificaverunt dignitatem, that is, their Exilements, Imprisonments, Scornes, Miseries, did imblazon their dignities, and set a varnish upon that Gold, which the evil tongues of those and these dayes had labour'd to rust, and with Calumnies Canker-eat and deface; *Victrix causa malis placuit, sed victa Catono*, I loved the Church when she was unlovely, when

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when she was blackest then was she comely. A disfigured Parthenia is the lov'd Mistress of a constant Argalus. Bright Cynthia with all her spots is amiable, and our Ladies in smaller volumes imitate the pale Lady of the skies. In my Mother the Church her spots are not black Foyles but red, the Red-letter daies being the Ornament of her Year: her Festivals (my present subject) so many pillars as in Solomon's Porch, the beautie and flourish of the building. I do acknowledge that learned Pens have laboured in this Argument, and I come forth burthened with their just Fames, and must needs incur the censure of an impertinent and superfluous Scribler. *Scribendi Cacoethes* is a Disease incurable, for which there is no dose in our *Pharmacopæa*. I can make no other Apologie then this, that, *Nil est dictum, quod non est dictum prius*: the Mode perchance, the Fashion may be new, but the ground-work is old. If I prove *Scintillula de Scintilla*, a Sparkle of a Spark is honour enough.

Longè sequor & vestigia semper adoro.

The many little Starrs in the firmament make a very rare *Via lactea*, which the greater Luminaries do neither envie nor obscure: Let my vantage Candle I

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pray be taken into the pound, to make weight at least, while your Christmas Tapers carry the glory of the day. These Apologetick complements premised, I proceed to prove the Antiquity and Legality of these Festivals, wherein also I am prevented by the learned Dr. Gunning, after whom to glean is too much honour for me, unworthy to carry his Books. And first of the Antiquity of Easter, what can be more reverend for its Age, more holy for its Subject? it was instituted by the Apostles themselves, kept by them, and is indeed the leading Sabbath, or rather Holiday of the year; Dies Dominicus non Sabbatum creationis, the Lords Day, a Commemoration of the Resurrection of our Saviour, which was the complement and perfection of the Redemption of the World. This is the Lords day, in which his Arm brought mighty things to passe. And for the Antiquity of Lent, it is deriv'd by Dr. Gunning very far, to whose more authentick authority I refer you. According to Helvicus and the Cronologer upon him, we finde it instituted by that good Prince Sigisbert, amongst us English-men (having first restored Christian Religion) in the year of our Lord, 640. but at Rome it obtained sooner observance in Telephorus his Episcopacy of that See: For then the name of Pope was not appropriate to the Bishop of Rome

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Rome onely, but was shared among the rest of his Brethren; but in Phocas the Emperour's dayes Boniface the third usurped the title of Universal Bishop, and did affix the name of Papa to the Roman See onely, though S. Gregory before him plainly said, That whoever did assume that title, was the fore-runner of Antichrist: What need the Geneva Glossse? is not S. Gregory enough to state the Question? And in 142 Lent was instituted at Rome, the forementioned Telesphorus, being Pontifex Maximus: but as for the business it self, the Antiquity makes no great matter, no more then our long contentions for the Superiority of Oxford and Cambridge, though in this present Parliament my Mother hath got the right-hand side; and to shew my thankfulness for that Vote, I shall tell the noble Suffragators of a piece of Petrarch (a Poet too; yet of good authority) wherein speaking of the ancientness of the Disputative, Ergo--- he saith,

Vetustum illud ergo hoc Oxoniense;
illud Parisiense.

Which doth intimate, that Cambridge had no name then, or no ergo, or ergo fallor; let these Universities be for ever styled (as my Father Ben calls them
most

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most politickly in his Dedication before Volpone)
most equal Sisters. It is not the oldness of any thing, un-
less it be also very good, makes it praiseworthy; Stand
in the old way, that was the first covenant of the
Decalogue, was a holy Precept; but fight for the
Good old Cause, which was a covenant for Mis-
chief and Treason, was an abominable invitation, and
a call to Rebellion. Curse ye Meroz was a very
good commination against those backward Israelites,
which kept their Tents, and would not rise with the
Lord against the mighty: but to your Tents, O Isra-
el, and the new Curse you Meroz of our times was
the decoy to Sedition, Tumults and War, and a spur
to England to ruine themselves, to cut off the best
King that ever Christianity knew. The Jewes at this
day attribute their long abandoning and dispersion
to their rebellion against the house of Judah; Shall
a Jew repent of that sin of Witchcraft, and shall the
Godly Party wipe their mouths like the Harlot, and
say it is a sweet thing, and persist in impenitency, and
provide for future Risings?

Pudet hæc approbria vobis,
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli.

Countreymen, I am ashamed of your obstinacy, and
beseech you to undeceive your selves. These Medita-
tions,

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tions, if read with impartial eys, will befriend you into the true way, that way which your King upon his Theatre of Martyrdom told you, you had forsaken. Remember the words of your dying Father, of a true Jonathan, though not the son of Rhacab, but a sober Prince, a chaste Prince, a pious Prince, and for his sake, who prayed for your Pardon, who purchased your Act of Indemnity with his own Blood of his Mercifull Son; for his Son's sake, for his Christ's sake, yet in this your day leave off murmuring, repining, speaking evil of Dignities, and every high thought of heart, and come with old Barfillai, you and your sons and families, bring the King to Jerusalem, settle him in his Royal City with joy, and make one Festival more then I write of, make one Jubilee to the universal rejoycing of this yet distracted Nation. At this Repentance Heaven will dance, the Angels will be pleasant, and your own hearts wil be enlarged with everlasting comforts. Which is the hearty vote of a true Son of the Church of England, and a Religious Physician.

That word makes me reflect upon my selfe, and commands me to shew some reason why I intitle this Book The Religion of a Physician, since that hath been used by Doctor Brown, an able Artist in that Faculty: To whom, for that and his Vulgar Errors,

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Errors, the world stands still engaged and obliged. I do not do it for this end and purpose, that either in Physick, wherein he was admirable, or in Theologie, wherein he was curious, I should match my selfe with him, or labour to out-vie him. A poore Dwarf upon that Giant's shoulders dares not undervalue his Supporters, or stalk proudly and forget the Stilts and Props are under him. This Frontispiece humbly shewes, that the Author did not totally in these late years either neglect his Body or his Soul;

Ut sit

Mens sana in corpore sano;

ought to be the care of every man, much more of a Christian. 'Tis true, that Sir Jeffrey Chaucer had but an ill opinion of my Faculty, when he saith of a Doctor of Physick,

His meat was good and digestible,
But not a word he had o'th' Bible.

To wipe off that stain and aspersion from our Botannick Tribe, I wrote these Meditations, to shew the World, that it is possible for a Physician of the Lower Form to be Theologue, at leastwise to seem

to

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to seem to be one: S. Luke was a Physician, an Apostle and Evangelist; and we own one of the best stories in the world, The Acts of the Apostles, and the compleatest Gospel: so S. Paul esteems it to that Physician. 'Tis certain, according to practice, our Art doth not so much intend the amendment of the soul as the body, especially if Doctor Butler be judge, whose advice to a salacious Patient a little intrencht against the seventh Commandement: But yet that Cure might have been wrought without infringement of the Precept, if the party would have pleased to have taken a wife; and then Hippocrates and S. Paul might have been reconciled with a circumfer sorore conjugem, and without Goclenius the cure had been effected: But to say precisely and peremptorily, that the Physician hath nothing to do in respect of the soul, is more then can be justified: for the Physick of the body is but a preparative for the bettering of the soul, which is highly eased and fitted for Divine contemplation, by emptying a Plethorick cask: how sprightful is the whole man after the successful workings of a Vomit, moderat Phlebotomy, or a dose of Pills, or a Purge? 'tis true, we may be Canes ad vomitum, and Sues in cœno volutantes, but no man sanæ mentis will dedignifie his body after a noble Wash, but will rather look out clean places, good

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aire, good companie, and endeavour to keep his house neat and gent after its happy evacuations: but if he does contrary, and take 7. unclean spirits into him after defecation, let him look to it, lest his latter end be not worse then his beginning, and so let him be condemned to the Physician, who shall lose his honour by him, plagued by incurable diseases, and onely fitted by long, and tedious, and unprofitable Physick for a journey into the Conutrey, and so to the Sexton.

A Physician therefore and a Divine you see are not inconsistent, the late Times made many Preachers Physicians, and these Sovereign dayes have made many a Physician Preachers:

Cum fortuna volet fies de Rhetore Consul,
Cum volet hæceadē fies de Consule Rhetor.
You know not what a causer of Metamorphoses and changes one Oliver may prove; and one good Augustus may prove as successfull (and God grant it) to the repeopling the houses of the Prophets, and rebuilding the Universities and Churches, as ever that Usurper was fruitfull to their ruine. The restored Revenue of the Church invites and excites to the study of Divinity; without which endowments and encouragements Arts would be chill'd, and Learning frost-bit, and look like the year in October, all snow, barren and uncomely.

to the Reader.

Many able Physicians, my very good friends, are already Reverend Divines, and fit for Prebendaries, Deaneries and Bishopricks; the Urinall is cast quite away, & Thomas of watering is in the place of it. The round Cap is turned square, and I commend the dance of so rare changes, which can make of a Galen and Hippocrates, Van Helmont and Paracelsus, Dr. Prideaux's, Hooker's, Dr. Andrew's and Bishop Laud's. Proceed in that, or any Faculty, so your Degrees and Honours prove worthily taken; Ad gloriam D.O.M. honorem Regis C.2. & beneficium Reipubl. & studii: or as it is more solemnly spoken at the creation of a Doctor or Master of Art, Ad honorem D. nostri Jesu Christi, ad profectum Matris Ecclesiæ & studii, &c. these may very well become the breast-plates of every Orthodox Divine.

And now I crave pardon for this tedious and over-long Epistle, and give you a welcome entrance into our Manual of Divine Meditations, which I hope you will favourably accept, especially from one who doth constantly employ his time on some Scholastick Work or other, whereby he may, at leastwise in wish, appear to be,

Gentlemen, Your most humble
and obsequious Servant,

E.G.



DIVINE MEDITATIONS

UPON

The Grand and Lesser Festivals, &c.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour.



I've place all Birth-dayes unto this : and oh !
 That I could write as * He of *Pollio*,
 Or of *Marcellus* fate, that Kings and Queens
 Unto this Babe might come a gossiping :
 They are too mean to stand for this *High Child*,
 Who th' *† Increment of God* is indeed styl'd.

* *Virgil.*

* *Magnum For-*
vis Increment-
um.

* *Luke i.v.36*

Angels are Harbingers, Wonders precede,

* A Barren Womb must teem, before a Creed

For a *Virgin-Mother* ; first then a *John*

Of a dry *Elizabeth*; *Mary* anon

Conceives, brings forth, and all without a Man,

The Womb conceives more then her small Braines can :

When Angels found it, there's no place for doubt,

To question it, will strike a Prophet mute :

Old * *Zacharie*, how faithless hadst thou stood,

Had not the Angel *Gabriel* thought it good

* *Luke i.v.23*

To tell thee of thy Cousins woundrous birth;
Mary, the Blessing and the Gaze o' th' Earth.
 Such Salutation never Princess saw,
 Never Embassador of so much joy,
 And yet this glorious Legate is not sent
 To th' Court, or to the Jewish Parliament,
 (The *Sanedrim*) nor the sharp *Synagogue*,
 (Who read according to the (a) Seaventy's Vogue)
 But to some simple Shepherds this news flies,
 Who are acquainted with the work o' th' skies,
 By their Nocturnal Offices, and see,
 As if some Starres had shot, the Angels ply
 About the Sheep-folds, and them make them glad;
 With newes of a *Lamb* born, more then they had.
 Whose should it be? where yean'd? in this cold night,
 (The hope o' th' Flock!) alas, will be kill'd out-right.
 Be unamuz'd, sweet Innocents, your Crook
 And Kalendar will both be now mistook.
 No *Jacobs Staffe* can reach the height of this.
 Starre, and yet this from *Jacob* did arise.
 The *Holy Lamb*, which 'mongst the Beasts doth lie,
 Was slain; before his birth, design'd to die,
 So that the Martyrdome of Saints e're since,
 Have their Nativities been styl'd from thence.
 But listen, Shepherds, and your pipes lay by,
 Attend to th' Quire, and Musick from on High.
 Th' imaginary motions of the Spheres,
 Did never strike such sounds in any ears;
 The Voyces most harmonious, Persons rare,
 A Royal Ditty of Cælestial Aire;
 A singing Army, without Drumms, or Fife,
 The Lords Artillery (but not for strife.)
 What a blest Anthem chaunts this Heavenly Host?
 These Souldiers were inspir'd by th' Holy Ghost;
 As by the joyfull matter you may guesse,
Glory to God, good will to men, i' Earth peace.
 When such a Song shall ever more be heard?
 Or when such Choristers? 'tis to be fear'd

(a) Sicut Se.
 penta in-
 terpretum g'of-
 sa.

The Saints are black, and of another tone,
 Hatred to men, War and Destruction
 Upon the Sons o' th' Earth; and yet they cry,
 All's done to the glory of God on High.
 Away then Shepherds, to the humble place,
 And kiss his feet, view your sweet Saviours face.
 What Glory shines about the Babe? the Hay
 And Straw all on a fire, make no such day.
 The Beasts affrighted with such flames, here gaze,
 And run about the Infant as it blaze.
 What need we care where us our Mothers lay?
 A Manger is Gods (a) *Incunabula*.

(a) Cradle.

Mary incircled with a glorious Light,
 Is in a cloud her self, her thoughts in night:
 Deliver'd of a Son, but not of Doubt,
 (b) Her heart was joy'd, but yet was pierc'd throughout.
 Certain 'tis hers, uncertain how 'tis hers,
 Shee does believe, 'fore Reason Faith prefers:
 The births of all men do depend upon
 Their Mothers, here the Mother trusts the Son,
 Whose Incarnation to himself was known,
 And *Mary* Mothers it, Father there's none.

(b) Luke 2.35



Upon S. Stephen the Proto-martyr.

(a) The King and Apostle. **H**ow shall I write thy Legend? who am all
 Extremely bad, as bad as (a) either *Saul*.
 What though I threw no stones, as *Saul*? I had
 A hand in thy Lords Lords death, and that's as bad.
 The Sins preceding, present, and to come,
 Are all upon account, the curst summe
 And hand-writing against us, which stood good,
 Untill Christ had expung'd it with his Blood.
 The Jewes cry'd *Crucifie*, their voice prevails,
 But every Sin of mine was Goad and Nails.
Mount Calvary the Stage, the *World* the Cause,
 And He condemn'd for our not keeping Lawes;
 And every one that does profess that name,
 Hath for his Badge, *Death*, *Poverty* and *Shame*,
 While devout *Stephen* preaches him, and spake
 A Poniard-Sermon (b) made the heart to ake
 (Like the smart penn'd *Philippicks* (c) word and blow,
 Th' eternal Life and Death of *Cicero*.)
 What is contriv'd? his fate, a Sermon (friend)
 Of truth doth th' utterer to th' Scaffold send.
 But what should anger them? *Stephen* you know
 Was no Apostle, that's no Bishop, no,
 He was a fervent Deacon, had he been
 O'th' higher Form, he'd been the *Man of Sin*:
 No Order scapes their malice, no Degree
 Exempts the Clergie from their Tyranny.
 If he speak truth, and boldly reprehend,
 Bishop, or Deacon, it shall be his end.
 'Tis not thy Miracles, or Wisdome, Saint,
 Though it convince them, shall obtain a Grant;
 They are o'recome, convicted, Guilt proves Rage,
 Not onely then, but now, in this our Age.
 Look what a crew and crowd of Enemies
 Are rais'd against apparent Verities,

Which

Which Libertines convene, they will dispute,
 And Sense and Wonders shan't a man confute;
 Just like the enemies to *David's* Throne,
 A line of wicked Combination,
Edom and *Israh'el*, *Moab*, *Hagarens*,
Gebal and *Ammon*, *Tyre* and *Philistines*,
 Conspire 'gainst *Judah* all; so here a Nest
 Of Sectaries oppose the Truth profest,
 And all in vain: then to the old Designe,
 Make a Malignant of the best Divine,
 Blasphemer, Innovator, one that doth
 Act against God in words, and the State both.
 This will prevaile, if that the people cry
Justice aloud, good *Stephen* thou must die.
 Thus do false cryers up o'th' Temple, kill
 The truest Props, and Churches Pillars still.

Upon

Upon S. John Evangelist and Apostle.

Belov'd Disciple, pillow'd on the breast
Of Christ (which was a favour 'bove the rest)

(a) *Hensius in
Oratione Nata-
litiâ.*

From whence thou suck'dst sublime Divinity,

And soarst aloft, with Eagles piercing eye,

Into the Mysteries of Faith : To thee

We owe the profound arguments, whereby

The *Ebionites*, and *Arrian Hereticks*,

Socinians, and their late invented tricks,

Are all confounded, and whosoe're do fight

Against *Christs Incarnation*, or his Right

(b) *Joh. i. ver.
10.*

In the *Blest Trinity*, th' (c) *Eternal Word*

(As in a scabbard is inclos'd a sword)

Couch'd in the Flesh, shewn thorow that shadowing veyle,

Verse 14.

And 'bove the Hood the Glory did prevail.

It was not possible to shrowd him so,

But by his works his Father he must know ;

He prov'd his Father by his wondrous Deeds,

Than those his Acts, there need no other Creeds.

Believe me for my Works (they'r his own words)

These speak me God, these speak me onely Lord.

To make men eyes and legs were blind and lame,

It is as to create the very same,

To raise the dead to life, redeem, restore,

To raise himself from death, what would you more ?

More if he would have done, his own self faith,

Could not (if what he did would not) gain Faith.

The reason of this Unbelief ? 'tis this ;

Men hated Light for its discoveries.

Mischiefs in Lanthorns lodge, in Mists and (c) clouds,

And flie whatsoe're their dark designs inshrowds.

Deluding Oracles are dumb, when Truth

Doth speak, the Divil himself hath ne'r a mouth :

When that the Word Essential is in place,

Darkness and Light can't joyn Malice and Grace ;

(c) *Honestâ pu-
blico gaudent,
scelera secreta
sunt. Minucius
Felix.*

Forc'd

Forc'd and extort confessions may come
 From Devils themselves (who would, like men, be dumb;)
 But when th' Effective Word exerts its pow'rs,
 Both Devils and Men must then be Confessors;
 But in his Umbrage of Divinity,
 These combin'd parties dare affront him high,
 Call him a VVine-bibber, companion
 With Publicans and Sinners, any one,
 Harlots, Samaritans, he made no choice;
 Rather with Poon, then Pharisees rejoyce.
 Christ was no Seperatist, onely from Sin,
 He liv'd up Love, and preach'd Communion in.
 So did his lov'd Apostle, whose works show
 The Fountain whence those streames of love did flow:
 How sweet his (a) *Trias* of Epistles run,
 And to his last he sang as he begun,
 (b) *Love one another*, when his aged eyes
 By guides came to his Pulpit-offices.
Love one another, his last text, so prove
 Your selves to be of God, to be in love.
 So ended this Saints life, for he alone
 Escap'd the Cross, the Fire, the Sword, the Stone
 Of all the *Twelve*, yet was the Caldron heat.
 And the amanded Fires did streight retreat,
 And could not hurt his Sacred Person, for
 Long life was promis'd by his Saviour,
 Not a *No Death*, as was mistook, so he
 In *Patmos* was an Exile; then did die:
 VVhere lies the Body of this Sacred Man,
 Banish't to th' Isle by proud (c) *Domitian*.

(a) Three E-
pistles of Saint
John.

(b) ἀγαπά-
τε ἑαυτοὺς ἀλλή-
λους.

Verba novissima
emorientis A-
postoli.

(c) Irenæus
1. lib. adversus
Hæret.

Upon

Upon the death of the Innocents.

LOe, here a company of sucking Saints
 (Suffring before the knowledge of their wants)
 Their Saviours Proxies, Vicar-Sacrifice,
 Whilst He by Angels guide to *Egypt* flies.
Egypt, the succour now of *Israel*,
 Which did to its own cost them once expell.
 Away false gods, and Garden Deities,
 No Superstition neer this cradle lies.
 The Land is *Goshen* all, and Light by thee,
 And cursed *Cham* a greater Child doth see
 Then *Moses*, or that fam'd (a) Interpreter,
 Made the chief Ruler from a prisoner :
 Not so in *Israel*, where the cruel (b) King
 Slaves without mercy, every sucking thing ;
 Nor spares his own young Infants, but lets Rage
 Arm it self keen 'gainst that Innocent Age,
 As if the Land were all one Leprosie,
 And Infant-blood prescrib'd the remedy.
 O horrid sight ! see Troopers on their speares,
 Carrying like spoyles, Babes had not seen two years !
 Snatch'd from their mothers breasts, and sprawling, yet
 Take the speares point instead of sucking Teat.
 Was ever such a Monster ? to enjoyn
 Murder on Babes, and Mercy unto Swine ?
 What will not Superstition spare, or kill ?
 A sucking child must dye, and a (c) Hog swill.
 Brave mighty men of War ! stout Curasiers !
 How well your Victory in Story heares ?
 Your Countrey's Parricides, for pay do this ;
 Were ever such bloody Mercenaries ?
 Usurping *Herod*, a false King, half Jew,
 Can make you murder the right King, the true.
 You are the instruments of all this evil,
 And for your pay do serve this bloody Devil.

(a) *Joseph.*(b) *Herod.*

(c) *Mallem Ne-*
radis esse Por-
cus quam Fi-
ns.

Take

Take heed, deceived Souldiers, or your pay
 Will be a little higher in one day :
 Pay-day will come for this, nor will't be good
 To plead you had commission to shed blood.
 Saint *John the Baptist* gives you other sense ;
 You must not do to any one offence :
 How can we fight then ? you will streight reply,
Souldiers of Fortune serve for salery.
 Examine not the Justice, nor the Grounds
 O'th' Quarrel, made to give and receive Wounds.
 'Tis argu'd well, and you may justly fight,
 And in some cases question not the Right,
 Where Lawfull Power doth muster you; yet then
 They are two things, *To fight, and murder men.*
Just War is lawfull, but in your coole Blood
 To kill a child commanded, Think y' it's good ?
 Remember that brave Slave, and gallant Man,
 Redeem'd from th' Oare by *Dioclesian* ;
 When that the subtil Emperour did ask,
 What desp'rate service, or what rugged task
 He'd undergo, to gain his Liberty ?
 Bid him propose unto extremity ;
 Courted the worst of dangers, any dress
 Of Death made not his valour spiritless :
 But when the businels was to act a Rape,
 Upon a (a) Virgin of Angelick shape;
 Do't thy self, Tyrant, saide the Moral Slave,
 Return me to the Moans, or to my Grave ;
 I will not taint my soul with such a crime,
 To gain the glory of thy Diadem.
 Take heed then, at no Generals command
 Act what with honest Justice will not stand :
 Murder no Innocents, enjoyn who will,
 Say like the Slave, do you, Sir, such things kill.
 Christians are such in *God Almighty's* eyes,
 Be tender then of such a Sacrifice :
 For as that (b) *Rachel* wept for children there,
 So the *Church-Rachel* (c) wailes hers every where,

(a) *Dorubaa*
Virgo, Martyr.

(b) *Rachel La-*
gens.

(c) *Ecclesia pla-*
rans suos per
universum Or-
bem descriptos.

On the Circumcision.

THe Eighth day Ceremony calls, a Rite
Of long observance, a Covenant plight
'Twixt God and *Abraham*, when his Faith gain'd
That promis'd Blessing that this day's obtain'd;
And Circumcision was the Seal, whereby
That Grant was past to his Posterity;
And not to his alone, but the whole Earth
Was to be blest i'th' product of that Birth.
Here it is tender'd, in the Temple done,
Legall throughout, as 'twere 'twixt Sun and Sun.
And now the Covenant-maker doth submit
To his own Law, which is fulfill'd in it:
A Passion but continued his whole life,

(a) The Sacer-
dotal Knife of
Circumcision.

How will he end that enters on the (a) Knife?
Here the first stroke, the last upon the Crosse,
Thy Agony then both a greater loss
Of blood: enter'd in discipline severe,
This Knife is but *praludium* to thy Spear:
Here suffering under Law, and there against,
Lamb-like from sheering thou to th' Shambles went'st:
Thy Fore-skin now is clipt, but the next Dart
Will pierce thee (Man of Sorrow) to the heart;
And yet nor Speares, nor Whips, nor Nails, nor Thorns,
Are so tormenting as unworthy scorns.
Thus in the rigour of exacting Law,
Blood from thy Infant-flesh the Priest doth draw;
Blood from thy side doth after spring, that we
Might from sanguineous Rites be ever free.
Water suffices to the same intents,
And Bread and Wine more kinder Elements;
Our Sacramentall Dues are easie, mild,
Which will not hurt i'th' duty the least child:
Take then them not *in opere*, in fact,
But let us doe what those sweet Rites exact:

Be circumciz'd in Heart, our Will's the Knife,
 Whetted by Grace, the Mulct is a new Life.
 Besprinkled Faces intimate cleans'd Hearts,
 And bread and Wine Faith unto Blood converts.
 Easie conversion ! who can less require ?
 But he that dy'd, that it should be no higher.
 The torment of Redemption, that was His,
 Ours are the fruits of that hard purchas'd Bliss :
 No longer, Jew, gash thy unmeriting skin,
 The Wounds that are expected are within :
 A sad and contrite spirit, Teares and Sighs,
 Such Sacrifices will ascend on high,
 Gratefull and pleasing : Christian, be thou sure
 To wash too, after Laver and the Ewre :
 It is not often dipping is requir'd ;
 Wash oft, as *Naaman* did, and yet be mir'd ;
 Unless Repentance cleanse the Hands and Heart,
 And a good Life, by Hyfops purging Art,
 Render thee born a new ; thou'rt still a Jew ;
 All *Abana*, nay *Jordan* will not do.
 Signes are but outward Covenants, and take place,
 If they be seconded with inward Grace.
 His Circumcision and my Baptism's naught,
 Unless we'r wash'd and circumciz'd in thought.



Upon the Epiphany.

THough in a Manger laid *Portionous!* then
 Heavens did declare for thee, and wisest Men;
 A proper Star (*præcursor* of thy Birth)
 Blazons thy Lineage to the duller Earth;
 Concentrick to thy self thy Star doth move,
 Onely to th' Cradle of the God of Love.
 Astrologers, be your conjectures thus?
 We will allow your Art judicious:
 But if like *Balaam* (as too like, I fear,
 For gain you'l cant) then Affe-rebuke beware.
 If your Stars tell what after shall arise,
 And point out Christ again, you may be wise:
 Have you not found it in some obscure skie?
 Which makes this noyse for a *Fifth Monarchy*,
 That all the Kings o'th' Earth are troubled more
 About this news, then *Herod* was before.
 Take heed of such predictions, but chief,
 When you see men in arms for that belief:
 Whom *Broughton* hath made mad, and ready stand.
 To take Commissions, give no Command:
 All listed Officer in martial
 Equipage, onely want the Generall.
 How bloody was his first approach? what drumming
 And Trumpets shall we have at his next coming?
 Then Infants went to wrack, now Men must fall;
 For Saints must rule, and they'r a portion small:
 Few are that number, but a little flock,
 What Hecatombs of Goats must to the block,
 That these belov'd Sheep may have their full,
 And plump their bare-bone sides with sinners wooll?
 But not so hasty, friends, before that day
 Most horrid signes the Heavens will display:
 The Sun (Body of Light) must darkned be,
 No borrowed beames the Moon shall clarifie:
 When her Light-fountain's out, Heav'n-quakes shall turn
 Stars from their Orbs, which then shall downward burn,

And

And the vast frame of that Convex, and round
 Above our heads, shall crumble to the ground,
 The ground to nothing, as at first, then see
 If that the Lightnings volatility
 You can discern, and tell us where it goes,
 Your observations we will not oppose:
 But you and I, alas, (all but a few)
 Who shall pass death by a translation new;
 Shall, like *Ezekiel's* Vision, dry bones lie,
 Look to be raised from mortality:
 But then how naked shall we be, how far
 From any thoughts of an unnatural war?
 That we shall Mountains wish, and highest Hills
 To cover us, for acting here such Ills.
 For as at *Herod's* Inquisition
 And bloody Quest, away fled *Mary's* Son:
 And as when *Peter* drew th' revengefull sword,
 No countenance was given by his Lord,
 But a *Va Gladio*, and a certain doom
 Pronounc'd upon blood-drawing men to come:
 So will his second coming be, to right
 The suffering Christian, punish them that fight;
 That (will he, will he) will not be controul'd,
 But say, His Kingdome shall in this world hold.
 These men are Star-gazers led out o'th' way,
 With whom false *Ignes fatui* do play,
 And run them into pit-falls; but beware,
 Come regulate your motions by this Star.
 This Star, the Gentils conduct let it be,
 The Badge and Order of Christianity:
 This Star our *Phosphorus*, which did fore-run
 The rising of th' Eternal Righteous Son,
 Which doth enlighten that which rules the day,
 And clears all Heathen Ignorance away:
 Let stars the Wise men lead, and Wise men Fooles;
 Let Shepherds teach their Sheep, Pastors the Schooles;
 So that this Stars renown'd *Epiphany*,
 An Universal Guide to Christ may be.

Upon the Conversion of S. Paul.

IS *Saul* among th' Apostles? what, that *Saul*,
 Who men and women to the Judge did hale?
 Who held the cloaths of those accursed ones,
 Did devout *Stephen* unto death with stones?
 'Tis strange, but it is he: *Stephen*, no doubt,
 Thy dying words this wonder brought about.

- (a) Acts 7.60. When at thy Vision of the (a) Trinity
 Thou pray'dst, that charge might not against him lie:
 How potent are the words of martyr'd Saints,
 VWho from the Scaffold can obtain such grants,
 VWhich shall convert their enemies! such words,
 Like those of thy late crucified Lord's,
 Are of a vast effect: *Father forgive*,
 (They know not what their malice doth contrive)
 Did intimate, that Providence ore-rules
 All humane Projects, bad men are the Toolles,
 VWhereby it works, unseen, the greatest good;
 VWho'd think a Salve should rise from shedding blood?
 VWhat *Judas*, *Pilat*, Jewes, act 'gainst thy Son,
 Proves their own Guilts, the worlds Redemption.
 Thus the Salvation of Mankind was struck
 (As Light once out of Darknes, Chaos-muck)
 From flints and stony hearts, and blest events
 May issue yet from bloody Presidents.
 VWho could imagine a blood-thirsty *Saul*
 Should mount a Pulpit, and turn preaching *Paul*?
 But many are not call'd, like *Saul*, few are,
 VVe must not then presume, or mischiefs dare,
 Upon some singular Examples; *Saul*
 And one Thief are precedents, that is all:
- (b) S. Aug. (b) Two, that no man despaire, and yet but two,
 That no man should presume like acts to do:
 Then view this form, Champion of the Devil,
 Commisison'd from the Synagogue for evil:

The High Priests Letters in his pockets are ;
 And what these VVarrants for ? such speciall care,
 Hast, Secrecy and Guards ; alas, to seize
 Poore people at their holy Services.
 Now to *Damascus*, full of bitter spleen,
 (His sword then his enraged heart less keen)
 He and his Troopers march ; poor upper roomes ;
 Look to your selves and Votaries, *Saul* comes ;
 But his design is frustrate, for a Light
 This Fury and his Firebrands doth benight :
 See the struck man, whose eyes did sparkle now
 VVith rage, hath ne'r an eye his way to shew :
 The Horseman is dismounted, hurl'd to th' ground,
 And his Horse-party all in a sad sound.
 How weak is humane force, when Heav'n will fight !
 One Angel puts an *Affirian* Host to flight :
 A word or two's an army of such force,
 Enough to scatter a good Troop of Horse.
 Trust not in wrong and robbery, trust not
 In Horse, nor Guns, nor Iron Chariot :
 Look upon *Pharaoh* and his vanquish'd Host,
 By weakest means a heap of waters lost :
 Look upon furious *Saul*, who did rejoyce,
 His work so nigh confounded with a voice.
 Look on *Belsazzar*, Fortunes Tennis-ball,
 Dis-Emperor'd by a writing on a wall.
 Thus is this *Heros* in an instant quell'd,
 The Billow-brook, with so much malice swell'd,
 Tame as his persecuted souls, he's led
 To *Ananias* for new eyes to's head :
 It is in vain to kick against such pricks,
 VVhich wound the striker, hurt the person kicks :
 New light with his new eyes appears, the man
 Is chang'd a very perfect Christian,
 A Souldier for the Cross, to which he stood
 Stout to the last, and with his life made good :
 Read his Engagements, what set Battrels he
 In person pass'd, and got the victory :

How many dangers both of Sea and Land,
 Tempests and Starvings, Frosts and Iron bands,
 Torments, Imprisonments, Scourges, Stocks and Stones,
 VVhat had he not of Persecutions?
 At *Lystra* some, at *Ephesus* come see
 His prize with Beasts, oh Inhumanity!
 In Chains led through *Jerusalem*, and beat;
 His death so long'd for, some forswore their meat,
 They'l fast for ever, but his blood they'l have;
 Religious Murderers! what Food they crave?
 But that all mischief might be heap'd on thee,
Nero, thou Prince of vast Impiety;
Paul is reserv'd for *Rome*, there is the stage,
 VVhere this most active Saint shall feel the rage
 Of that fierce Lion, who had burnt his *Rome*,
 And quench'd the Flame with Christian Martyrdome:
 He playes and sings away their lives, what other
 Usage from one the murderer of's Mother?
Peter and *Paul* in one day felt his rage,
 Two Saints not parallel'd in any age.
 Saint *Peter* crucify'd with reverst head,
 A bashfull Martyr in that honour'd Bed.
 Saint *Paul* indulg'd, as learned *Seneca*,
 Bled by high courtesie his life away:
 So, because He a *Roman* was by Birth,
 The Ax dispatch'd his headed Corps to th' earth.

Upon the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

THe first and onely birth of the chaste Womb,
 Is by a long us'd Rite to th' Temple come,
 A holy Offering to his (a) Father : he
 Was offer'd thus from all Eternity.
 The Priest for ever, the *Melchisedeck*,
 Both Priest and Sacrifice without a speck :
 Now in the Temple, on the Cross anon,
 Offer'd, but not in shew, as *Abrahams* son :
 Who by a bleating Proxie dy'd, this Lamb
 Dies pers'nally, relieved by no Ramme.
 In this all Sacrifices, Bulls and Goats,
 (Whose impure blood, and insufficient throats
 Had neither worth, nor vertue) ceas'd ; the Creature
 Was then redeem'd by th' death of the Creator.
 The Type unto the Antitype gives place,
 This onely is the *Holocaust of Grace*.
 But what ! had *Mary's Virgin-womb* just cause
 To give submission to these womens Lawes ?
 Who had *Lucina's* help, or rather none,
 (The *Holy Ghost* being present caule alone,
 Both of Conception and Delivery,
Mary was laid without their Midwifery)
 No need of them, of this same Rite no need,
 For Defecation after produc'd Seed
 Of a *Piemen* ; but as her great Heire
 Endur'd the Knife when eight dayes ended were ;
 Then took Baptismall washing, when from Above
 Father in Voice was Witness, Spirit in Dove :
 So all these Ceremonies were undergone,
 Not for Necessity, or Good thereon
 Unto His sacred Person, but to shew
 What We, not He, unto the Law did owe :

(a) Luke 3, 33

He was the Sampler of Obedience,
 A scandall made, but never gave offence.
 To any Order, or Professions : thus
 In's *Flesh* he pleas'd the Jew, in *Water* Us.
 So *Mary* mirrour of her sex appears
 To th' Priest, and th' common Thanksgiving heares,
 Veyl'd as the Jewish custome was ; this done,
 She doth present her Dove and Pigeon,
 The poor child's commutation, and ne're
 That Superstition thought, which they did there.
 Then with a lowly duty to the place,
 She had retir'd, but *Simson*, full of Grace;
 And full of Prophecy, takes up the Child
 In's arms (as much as his old arms could weild)
 Then sings a (a) Swan-like note, " Lord, let me die,
 " Dissolve me in this instant, Lord, whil'st I
 " Have my Salvation in my arms, the Light
 " Which doth dispell the Gentiles long dark night,
 " The Glory of thy people *Israel*
 " Is in my feeble arms now visible.
 So ended this old Custome, and the Priest,
 The Anthem sung, dissolv'd, and was with Christ.

(a) *Nunc Di-*
mittis.

A Hymne of the Resurrection.

I.

A Rife, arife, Dead foul, arife,
 Alas ! I cannot ope' my eyes.
 The heavy Lethargy of fin
 Hangs on my faculties within.

II.

Arife, arife, thy Saviour's rofe,
 Sin, Death, and Hell are conquer'd foes ;
 Why do'ft thou yield to enemiës,
 Whose ftings are loft ? arife, arife,

III.

Then lend thy hand, thou blest First-fruit
 Of thofe who fleep i'th' Land o'th' Mute :
 Say thou, *Come forth*; and quickned thus,
 My foul fhall rife like *Lazarus*.

IV.

All Cords of Vanity I'le break,
 Propt up by thee ; their tyes are weak :
 Like unthorn *Sampson* I'le make way
 Through every Sin, and *Dalilah*.

V.

But if thou do thy Grace fubtract,
 Alas, I can no noble act,
 Unless it be to pull on me
 My ruine and mortality.

VI.

Yet from those Ruines and Grave-stones
 By thee shall rise my naked bones ;
 And from their Charnel-houses all
 Come forth, new clad, at thy last Call.

VII.

Those heaps of skulls with hollow eyes,
 Unhair'd, un-flesh'd, shall clothed rise :
 Dead tongues shall sing, their song shall be,
My Lord is rose, wee'l follow thee.



Hymnus

Hymnus Ascensionis.

I.

THe Lord's ascended, see the Fiends,
And their captiv'd Black Prince doth cleare the aire;
A cloud of all his martyr'd Friends
Receive him, while th' amused world doth stare.

II.

Gone in a Cloud, but in a Glory
Returns, with all his shining Heavenly Host,
In such a pomp, this worlds vain-glory
United ne're could make, could never boast.

III.

Gaze not Apostles, gaze no more,
But lift your hearts up after, not your eyes;
He is not gone, but on this score,
To make good all his Royall Promises.

IV.

As they continued all devout,
Praying and Fasting, and with one accord,
(Three things pretended by our rout,
Which never yet accorded, but i'th' Sword.)

V.

At the good time of *Pentecost*,
The very time we now call *Whitsontide*,
In fiery-Tongues the Holy-ghost
On them descended, on his Charch abide.

VI.

No more Descents, no other Light,
Unless by him who can himself disguise
Into an Angel for deceit,
As at this day's apparent to our eyes.

Upon

Upon the Pentecost.

I.

O *Holy Spirit!* help me to indite,
No pen can of thee, unless by thee, write :
Inspir'd by thee, rude Fishermen speak high,
Meaner proportions, lower Gifts ask I.

II.

Not such a bright Irradiation,
As was t' enlighten every Nation :
When the whole world was dumb, and deaf, and blind,
It was high time that fiery Tongues then shin'd.

III.

The lisping of those tongues is speech enough,
We well may see by that Light's twinkling snuff :
For with their persons that exceeding light
(Except some glimmerings) is extinguish quite.

IV.

Those, twelve inspir'd, *Illustrious Heads* were all
Thy Churches Rulers Apostolicall ;
And their Successors are the envy'd Starrs,
At which both Heresie and Scisme make warrs.

V.

To out that Light derivative from them,
How fierce these men blew off *Jerusalem* ;
And when the Jew could not extinguish it,
He gave the Light to subtil *Mahomet*:

Who

VI.

Who blew that Light into a two-fold flame,
And dimmed Christ's, and blew up his own name;
So that his Taper is of double twist,
A *Mahomet* extoll'd, a deprest Christ.

VII.

Yet still the Light doth shine, do what you can,
Either by *Talmud*, or by *Alcoran*.
Others (I shame to name it) have this Light,
But in dark Lanthorns keep it from our sight.

VIII.

Or, as when Whirlwinds raise the numerous dust,
The interposed Atomes 'twixt us thrust;
And the bright beames of the eclipsed Sun
Darkned by magnify'd tradition.

IX.

But 'ware of little bellows, these at last
Have, with some help, made a most dang'rous blast:
Sectarian Puffers joyn'd to th' Jesuit,
Have e'n blown out our once Apostolick Light.

X.

Come then, and re-instate thy Candlestick,
Come *Holy Ghost*, thy Church is more then sick;
Dead as to sight; re-quicken her again,
And make Apostacy's Invasions vain.

XI.

Let *Ignis fatui* to their Fens return,
Let nothing but the Lamp o'th' Temple burn,
And let the Church-moths, that in numbers flie
About the light, be sing'd, and after die.

*Upon the Festival of the Blessed Trinity,
falling upon May 29. 1659.*

Welcome thou double Jubilee ; such things
Are dark, the Mysteries of God and Kings :
Uncomprehended that, and this unseen,
Yet we believe they are, shall be, have been.
Enthroned Elders fall, and worship Thee,
Most Sacred and Eternall Trinity :
But our exalted Elders pull down Kings,
And do themselves create Omnipotent things :
Yet we, who love th' Old Revelation,
Do as those Beasts (which did surround the Throne,
Not ruine it) cry a perpetuall Song
To God, and for the King : *O Lord, how long ?*
Tri-unity and Uni-trinity
Shall stand, and a perpetuall Basis be :
Not so of Kings, whose delegated Crowns
Are in subjection to the Doners frowns.
By me Kings reigne, is Gods Commission,
And he pulls down, and setteth up alone :
Yet do the Heathen rage, and do strange things,
Disturb the Offices and Rights of Kings,
Murder their Persons, and the Heire throw out,
(Kings are no better then Their Lord, no doubt;)
Yet shall the Anthem still the Beast become,
These Christs both are, and were, and are to come.
Is there an Evil (that of punishment,
Or vengeance) on a cursed Nation sent,
And is it not from him who raiseth Seas,
And can as soon the peoples rage appease ?
Boast not thy self, thou high *Babelick-man,*
The Lord hath hooks for thee (*Leviathans;*)
And though thou swell in thy conceited height,
With Asies thou must forrage this same night :

Nor with a multitude go'on, the cause
 Is not by number good, but by the Lawes :
 The earth the lowest of the people will
 Open, and rise 'gainst such as their Kings kill.
 What is it for a season, a short day,
 A vapouring *Massinello* for to play ?
 Murder and plunder, burn and spoile, and then
 Be made a laughing-stock of God and men?
 Much better they (who not being given to change,
 Nor State, nor their Religion) never range
 From the Old way, in which they firmly stood,
 (These sixteen hundred yeares accounted good)
 That touch not *Aarons* Censers, nor provoke
 The Earth it self with Sacrilege to choak :
 That dare not rob nor God, nor man, but give
 God what is Gods, and wish the King long live:
 That will not fast mans blood away, nor eat
 A Widowes House, nor Gods, for pure Manchet :
 That to their minds perpetually call
Saphira's and her *Ananias* fall.
 Think upon that, and *Dathan*, and *Abiram*,
 And wave the Masters of blew *Adoniram* ;
 That think of *Sampson*, and that tragick house,
 Which ruin'd all that there kept rendezvous;
 Suspecting every houre the like mishaps
 May fall on them, or else high thunder-claps :
 Move not the Father, 'tis the Lord of Hosts,
 Come kiss the Son, grieve not the Holy Ghost.
 Thus if we do, we keep a Jubilee,
 In honour of the Blessed Trinity.

Upon S. Andrews Day.

B Rother of *Peter* in thy double trade,
 A Fisher first, then Fisher of men made.
 How virtuall was thy call? how high thy rise?
 What nets will serve to make a soul a prize?
 Long time and hearing now is requisite,
 'Tis not a cast, and draw; one fishing-night,
 And so to market: baits and many hooks
 The Pulpit-anglers-use, that's many books.
 Thy Master was a walking Library,
 (Himself *Apollo*, All Divinity.)
 That Mount-Spoke Sermon, full of Doctrines choice,
 Not read from charge, but utter'd by that voice,
 (Had (a) weight and destiny) was the best Lecture;
 The *Holy Spirit* was thy notes Collector:
 So Fishermen instructed, so made fit,
 Needed nor rational, nor other Writ
 For a direction safe; when he that sent
 Impower'd, and made thorow sufficient.
 He was the onely *Tryer*, tryes the reines
 And heart, whose feat craz'd covetous man profanes
 VVith simple and ridiculous Quære's, such
 VVhich are but snares, and a time-serving couch.
 Thus they run Crab-like, counter, backward all
 To th^a Erudition Apostolicall:
 VVhich made them Orators, and men of parts,
 But these renounce, as profanation, Arts;
 As if the practice must be retrogade,
 And *Andrew* forc'd to turn to his first trade,
 (From whence he once was call'd) to catch by th' net,
 And *Paul* must leave the learn'd *Gamaliel's* feet,
 And mount a Tent, and work Divinity,
 Not through his own, but through his needles eye:
 The Cast was from the Nets (I take it;) these
 Are both for *Barkin Church* and *Barkin Seas*.

(a) *Pondus*
in verbis &
vocem fata se-
quuntur.

There

There is no need the Spirit should divert
From men well qualified, and of desert,
Into a Coblers stall, since Learning is
The Gift of God, an influence of His.

• Fooles are uncapable of Earthly Rights,
And under Guardian for their want of wits :
How comes it, that the best Inheritance
Is manag'd, that o'th' soul, by Ignorance ?
As if the *blind* should lead men in the way,
And *Seers* into Ditches, or astray..
Unlike Saint *Andrew* in this Call, let's see
VVhether his followers in ought else you be..
Upon the Call streight *Andrew* left his nets,
The world, and profits are a bar, and lets
In Christian progresse: Tell me (covetous Priest)
Do'st thou alike, who seizest all with Christ,
And more then is thine own, another's bread ?
You follow true, as those sometimes were fed
By gainfull Miracles ; 'tis the good *Loaves*
And *Fish*, that makes so many preaching Doves..
Or can you follow in Saint *Andrew's* way,
And preach the VVord in barren *Scythia* ? (a)
VVhere were no Livings, nor fat Benefice,
(The lures and baits of your known Avarice.)
New England lett, *America* forlook,
There's better fishing in *Old England's* Brook.
This fetch'd home *Peters*, *Hugh* did understand
The Call of *Bishops*, Dean and Chapters Land,
Or can you in *Achaia*, with our Saint,
Endure the Prison, whips, and extreme want ?
And for converting a Proconsuls wife, (b)
(Not as your *Hugh* did) render up your life
On a slope Cross, the studied cruelty
Of fierce *Egeas*, pain to magnify ?
VVhen any Priest, badg'd by Saint *Andrew's* Crosse,
Shall be of life, or state, at either losse;
This on his Tomb an Epitaph be set,
The Fish not caught, he threw away the Net.

(a) *Dupleffiss*

(b) *Maximilla*,
wite to *Egeas*,
Proconsul of
Achaia.

Upon Saint Thomas Day.

(a) Judas.

Thomas, Apostle of a Diffident,
 Peter after Apostacy is sent;
 Distrust is a high crime, Denial worse,
 Yet worst of all did (a) He who had the purse.
 Despaire doth barricado Heavens gate,
 Such to themselves are their own early fate.
 Few are reduc'd, who, for the love of Gold,
 To part with a good conscience make bold
 To entertain another God, (no less
 Then so is that grand sin of Covetousness)
 Is to shake hands with Christ; *Mammon* and He
 Cannot go sharers in a Sovereignty.
 Apostacy from fear, (as Peter's was)
 Distrust upon a reasonable cause,
 As was Saint Thomas his, may mercy finde,
 Which is bloc'd up in an impenitent minde.
 For to despaire, and think our sins above
 Him that is infinite in Grace and Love,
 Shuts out our generall pardon; and lost hopes
 End in Self-murders, Poysons, or in Ropes.
 Thomas through humane frailty did diffide;
 The stoutest Souldier in the battel try'd,
 Is fearfull 'fore engagement; but at sound
 O'th' Trump his spirits rise, fear falls to th' ground.
 Great promisers do soon and oft'nest fail,
 When fear and trembling may the Fort assail.
 Salvation is so wrought, for no man knowes
 Whether his feet may fail him as he goes:
 Commanders that are sure of victories,
 For fear o'th' worst do not neglect supplies.
 Reserves in Christian warfare is good art,
 And to secure the Reer a souldiers part.
 Great heed take thou that standest, for a fall
 May fatall prove, when fear will catch at all.

Fear

Fear hath a fastness still, some certain hold,
 Which those refuse that have been over-bold :
 To rest unsatisfy'd is no such taunt,
 As to deny after a glorious vaunt.
 Come see then, *Thomas*, see the print o'th' Nails,
 See his pierc'd side; this evidence prevails :
 The evidence of things seen will once suffice,
 More happy they believe above their eyes.
 Let us no Obloquies upon him cast,
 In Christ's acception all the error's past :
 No more look on him in his failings, there
 He will (but like thy self) a man appear :
 Nor are Saints weaknesses examples set
 For men to follow, and destruction get
 By precedent; but cautions they are,
 Church-marks and buoys, of which we must beware.
 See our Apostle, how in *India*
 Another piece of valour he doth play :
 See him converting *Parthians* and *Medes*,
Brachmans, *Hircanians*, opposing seeds
 Of curs'd Idolatry in *Persian* Land,
 Where the Sun's Idol at his sole command
 Fell to the ground in cinders, while the Sun,
 Regardless of the business, Westward run.
 Come see him for this fact bound (as those Three,
 Who did defie the like Idolatry.)
 And thrown into a Fiery Furnace, but
 The noble Sun those Kitchen-flames out put
 With its exceeding beams, and rescued this
 Saint, though t' himself design'd a sacrifice :
 What Stars and Elements refuse to do,
 Men dare attempt, for an accursed crew
 Of Infidels with Speares and Cymitars (a) run
 Upon the Saint, once rescu'd by the Sun.
 So dy'd our fam'd Apostle ; *Calvin* hence
 Began his Legend, not from's Diffidence.

(a) Dupleſſe,
 Euseb.

Upon

Upon Saint Matthias Day.

TRain'd up with the Apostles from Saint *John*
The Baptist's Doctrines, thou at length art one,
 One of an hundred, one of that resort,
 VVho after Christ's Ascent made *Holy Court* ;
 A Consistory of Votaries, still staying
 For the Descent o'th' *Holy Ghost* in praying :
 Initiate first in *John's* repentance, then
 Conforting still with Apostollick men,
 It was capacity enough : they erre,
 VVho think one may shoot up a Presbyter,
 (As Slips and Grafts are wont, whose secret growth,
 Not their own selves, nor yet the Gard'ner know'th ;)
 Unlearn'd, undisciplin'd, from shop, or stall,
 And start to Callings Apostolicall.
 Fishers indeed were call'd (the meanest trade)
 But did not teach, till they were able made.
 (a) God-taught for many yeares, yet then not fit,
 Untill inspir'd by Tongues, their open'd wit.
 Call'd to their memories those Doctrines, which
 Their Master taught in Parabolick speech.
 Then, so enlightned, gifted by the God
 Of VVisdome, who on their obtuse braines rode;
 (As at the First Creation Formes were struck
 Out of Opaque *Chaos*, and that Muck.)
 VVhat could they not unfold ? what Mysteries
 Of deepest Knowledge could not these Twelve Keys
 Unlock, which could Heaven-doores or shut, or loose ?
 So with new gifts their old names they did lose.
 But now a Cobler (in existency)
 And not translated to Divinity,
 Nor able to translate, 'cause of a trade
 Mean as was *Peter's*, will a Priest be made,

(a) *Sto N-*
Saxlor.

And

And venture at a Pulpit (very blew)
 Not from Saint *Peters Chaire*, but from Saint *Hugh*.
 Preparatory knowledge was requir'd,
 Ev'n in those Twelve, which after were inspir'd;
 VVhen first sent forth with neither Scrip nor Shooes,
 They did but onely carry the good newes
 Of a Redeemer come, and blesse the place
 VVith peace, not yet accomplisht with full Grace.
 Time did produce that Consummation,
 And in the interim this great thing done;
 A new Apostle chosen, (a) *Judas* Seat
 VVas this day fill'd, the number made compleat;
 Not all alike in order, then no need
 Of this high day's solemaizing deed:
 One from inferiour order is promoted,
 And to succeed by holy lot is voted:
 If equall, all th' election had been vain,
Seveny as good as *Twelve*; no *Chorah's* train
 Are amongst these, nor no Church-Leveller,
 No self-exalting filthy Presbyter:
 And yet the Congregation is all Holy,
 But Priests and Deacons under these rule solely.
 The Forms of *Jew-Church-government* remaine,
 The Offices, not Names, they doe retain.
 Then welcome to thy high Investiture,
 Sacred *Matthias*, may thy Rites endure:
 May a succession of such Pastors be
 For ever in thy Churches Hierarchie:
 And though the Apostles Names ceas'd with their Gifts,
 (For time and custome names of Orders shifts,
 And changeth as it pleaseth) yet their pow'r
 Of Order-giving lasteth to this houre,
 Corrective, and directive right, and all
 The ordinary power's Episcopall:
 Making of Presbyters by laying Hands,
 Is the continu'd practice of all Lands:

(a) *Psalm*. 69. 27

Unless

(a) Knox of
Scotland, and
his Sectary's.

Unless since *Calvin* did get up and ride,
And set on *Bishops* his foul foot of pride :
E're since Rebellion in the Minor flocks
Hath sprung, and One hath caused many (a) *Knocks* !
Yet the abused world doth plainly see,
There is no peace but in this Prelacy.
Geneva's platformes, and new fangled stufte
Will end in its long Beard and little Ruffe ;
Whil'st the Apostolick Successors shall
(As did their Predecessors) Martyrs fall.
And like (b) *Matthias*, Pastor of the Jews,
Be ruin'd by false men, hir'd to accuse
And sweare that blasphemy, which all accord
A truth, that *Christ* was Son o'th' *Living Lords*.

(b) *Matthias*
Ronn'd to
death by the
Jews. *Dupl. ssis.*



Upon

*Upon the Annunciation of the
Blessed Virgin.*

NOW *Israel's* bereft of (a) both her Kings,
And an Usurper hath command of things :
The promis'd *Shilo* comes, the Sceptre rent
From *Judah*, then is *Judah's* Lion sent.
It is a good exchange, i'th' vacancy
Of a good King to have a *Deity*.
When humane Helps and God's known Deputies
Are snatch'd away, Himself is our supplies :
He does resume his Sceptres lent, but then
Woe to perfidious and rebellious men.
'Tis not the breaking Seals, or batt'ring Crowns
Subdues the Donor, he's above the Lowns,
And lets them act a while to their own wills,
That they may see from whence spring all their Ills :
Injustice, Murder, Liberty, (that Word,
And pure Religion, that can draw the sword
Upon their right Protectors) suffer'd are
To shew the mischief of Religious war.
When did a pious Rebel e're come off
But with his own disgrace, and peoples scoff?
These Sovereigns *Hail's* and *Ave's* now set by,
Let us with Angels *Mary* gratify :
Though this great Salutation, so divine,
Is not allow'd so much as in a Sign :
The Day indeed, as it referres to Rent,
Is not put down by Mayor nor Parliament.
Let's keep it as we may, for *Mary's* Son
This day proclaim'd, was the Redemption,
The *Apolutrosis*, the generall Pay,
Which solv'd the world of a smart reck'ning day.
Surety and Payment too is this day's boon
Security and satisfaction :

(a) *Ilsa. 9.18.*

For Surety's (as in Lawes Municipall
 Are in chief, Debtors, and oblig'd for all)
 Bound for what they ne're drank (as we use say)
 And yet the Judge enforceth them to pay :
 Our summs of sin were high, and not to be
 Discharg'd but by a Surety that was free.
 God did engage in's person to defray,
 What all the world could not *conjunctim* pay,
 Obedience for us, which we could not do,
 And Death too, that we might not undergo :
 The merit of his Person was above
 Our Debt, he supererogates in love.
 Then for his sake no single person hate,
 Who beares Christ's name (as you have done of late ;)
 Nor suffer the memoriall of her day
 By beardless Ministers be swept away,
 Who in a senseless zeale, some years since, run
 Down both our *Lady's Day* and her *Great Son* ;
 And got a name unto his action due,
 By Common Council, being styl'd a (a) Jew.

(a) Ald. Ir-
 Mayor, 1658.

On Saint Marks Day.

First Bishop, *Mark* of *Alexandria*,
 And Patriarch of that ancient See ; this day
 Is dedicate unto thy memory,
 Which doth confirm the sacred Hierarchy ;
 An argument invincible, from whom
 And *Antioch* we derive, and not from *Rome*.
 Yet when the *Latian Empire* (after (a) ten
 Bloody Phlebotomies of martyr'd men)
 Began to nauseate blood, and being fill'd
 With such sad sights, did honour what they kill'd :
 And the Spread Eagle to the Cross gave way ;
 (The Ensign which an Angel did display
 To fighting *Constantine*) the Emperour
 Being then the sole most Christian Governour,
 And *Rome* the Mistress of the World ; that See,
 Above the rest, had the precedencie.
 Not so from the beginning : 'twas but meet
 The Seat o' th' Empire, and the Churches Seat,
 Or Chaire Apostolick, should be togerher,
 The sacred Power of calling Synods thither,
 Over its subject Priests, for unity,
 And Order made the Roman chiefeft See :
 Thither appeales of grieved Churches came,
 And thence the Fountain of that Bishops fame :
 For bodies Oecumenicall without
 A head would be, but monstrous without doubt :
 Read the degrees and ranks the structure made,
 By (b) which Church-government in Saint *Paul* is laid ;
 Apostles some, Evangelists, some Pastors,
 Some Preachers, *sub, & supra*, all not Masters ;
 That had confusion been, 'twas fit the best
 Of bodies should with the best form be blest.

(a) Persecuti-
ons under the
first Emperors

(b) Ephes. 4
11, 12.

- (a) Eph. 4. 16. (a) Christ is the Head, by Joynts and Sinews all
 Compacted are those parts Synodicall:
 No Linsey-woolsey Fabrick, Checquer'd Fry,
 Half Church, half Lay, a Chesse-board frippery
 Of *Calvin's* foisting lately in the lag
- (b) Which *Judas* kept. Of time, and good for nothing but the (b) Bag :
 But since his petty pawns have had their play,
- (c) Allusion They dare give (c) Check to Kings, and take away
 to Chesse-play. Bishops and Nobles, Sceptre and the Mitre
 Are all thrown down by this upstart Presbyter.
- (d) See the Collect for the day. Let all true Christians (as the (d) Colled) pray,
 Which was appointed for this great Saints day,
 That our confirmed souls and fetled mind
 Be not like Wether-cocks, with every wind.
 And puff of Doctrine carried into sin,
 Nor yield to a new whim of Discipline :
 But let us stand, as in a Souldiers station,
 Fix'd to the old way, once fix'd in this Nation ;
 Fearing the fearfull vengeance that doth range,
 And will arrest those that are given to change.



On Philip and James, called Minor, Son of Alpheus.

James, Bishop of the Jewes for thirty yeares,
Sate in that first of Councils, of (a) *Twelve Peers*,
Who all were equal Rulers, yet the Chaire
Was *James's*, sure he sate the President there.
All was then done in order'd decency,
Nor did the spirit of Presbytery
Then rise against their Fathers, and 'twas long
Before (b) *Aerianisme* grew strong;
Which was rebellion against Bishops, and
Aerius a Heretick condemn'd does stand
Upon Record, and that great Councils edge
Was sharpen'd 'gainst that sin as Sacrilege:
So nam'd they his design of (c) levelling
A Bishop with a Priest, Subject and King:
Converted Jewes oby'd their Bishops, shall
The English onely make their Funerall?
And bury them alive? first damn their Votes,
Then take their Purfes, rob them of their Coats?
A piece of Baseness acted in our dayes,
Becoming none but curs'd Apostata's,
(Such as was *Julian*) whom the *Son of God*
Struck with an arrow, as i'th' Camp he rode.
But let Saint (d) *James* himself our pattern be,
And in Affliction's schoole rejoyce, as he.
What do we learn? d'you ask the best Lecture?
Patience most harsh, Affliction's sweet Corrector.
To him that can endure and bear his Crosse,
His very enemies are at a losse,
Their malice frustrate; Martyr, 'tis all one,
If thou canst bear thy Crosse, as if thou'dst none:
The patient man feels not his injury,
The torment's his that thus doth punish thee.

(a) *Twelve*
Apostles.

(b) *Aerius*
condemned of
Heresie and
Schisme, for
equalling Pre-
sbyters with
Bishops.
(c) Equalling
a Bishop with
a Presbyter.

(d) *S. James*
his generall
Epistle, v. 2.

Then

Then let the Pharisees, and envious Sect,
And alwayes vexing who would them detect;
Surprize thee from the Pulpit, where thou taught'st
Doctrines they like not, yet such as thou ought'st;

(a) The Pulpit.

(b) James threw head-long from the Temple, and stoned to death. *Dupl.*

(c) Buried by the Temple.

Euseb.

(d) James 1. 12.

(e) Acts c. 8.

(f) Joh. 14. 8, 9.

(g) With his head upwards, as Peter's was downward.

And raise this aged Preacher from his (a) Cell
Unto the Temple's highest (b) Pinacle;

Thence throw him down, and then (most courteous ones)

Raise him a (c) Sepulchre of those same stones

With which you beat his braines out, for with you

'Tis use, to keep the Tombs of those you slew.

What sayes our Saint to this? blessed am I

Who can endure, (d) my crown of Life is nigh.

Thus in *Jerusalem* they'r made away,

Small difference 'twixt it and *Scythia*;

Where *Philip* after taught Samaritans,

Converted Eunuch and Magitians.

(e) *Simon*, whose name a brand perpetual stands

On those who buy the *Laying on of Hands*,

After so many wonders in all fights,

At last extirpated the Ebionites:

Twenty yeares preacht this Holy Man, and gain'd

All *Scythia*, with Idolatry profan'd,

Then in *Hieropolis* his stage of fate

Is rais'd; true Doctrine preach'd procureth hate.

He that did doubt Christs Deity as much

As *Thomas* did his Flesh untill the touch;

He that with *Thomas* (surnam'd *Didymus*)

Of Christs Eternall Birth was (f) dubious,

Dyes in defence, and justifies the Son

To be God's onely Generation

From all Eternity: the Cross his Banner,

(g) And crucify'd after his Lord's own manner.

Thus holy Men and Tyrants have like fate,

And few of these go down to the Dead's state

With dry and bloodless Death, but still they are

Sable, their Rubrick in the Kalendar.

Saint Barnabas Day.

THis is the Saint which *Antioch* doth claim,
 Not tutelary genius, 'tis his fame
 To be chief Founder of the Christian Faith
 By *Paul*, and him built up unto that height.
 Thence first Disciples were call'd Christian,
 (VVould it had held till now as it began)
 For since men would of *Cephas* be, and some
 Of *Paul*; what rents are wrought in Christendome?
 Had the first Heads, and Leaders of late Sects
 Reflected on those self-denying Texts
 Of *Paul* and good *Apollos*, we had ne're
 Seen such Divisions, nor such Massacre
 Of Christian blood. Now *Hussites*, *Zuinglians*, *Thraskites*,
Smectymnuans, names enough to fill a basket;
 VVith *Hugonots*, *Twissits* and *Calvinists*,
 Spirituall Captaines of spirituall Lifts,
 Alarm all the world, which stands in awe
 Of new *Wat Tylers*, *Leyden*, and *Jack Straw*.
 Did these men die for us? O Base Reproach!
 And well retorted by old *Antioch*!
 Run back Religion, to thy ancient Head,
 And shame to see thy self thus ravished,
 Turn'd prostitute to every Holy Rout,
 That in a change shall Saint-like cast about:
 Repaire to thy first Standard, that's the Cross,
 Thy Armes are not for Victory, but Losse;
 Successe no signe of thy right Cause, no plea
 Or flourish for a Visibility.
 Nor dar'st thou cast on Providence, thy deeds,
 VVhereby Christianity it self now bleeds;
 Prayers and teares were thy Artillery;
 (Men are unweapon'd when they come to die.)

Such

Such was the Martyrs armours, Patience,
 Prayers for enemies, Life without offence.
 What poor, or no resistance could these make?
 Yet these so violent, that Heav'n they take;

(a) *Regnum* Their (a) Kingdoms and their Saviours are alike,

Christi non est Not of this world, for all the world not strike;

de hoc mundo. Not to get all the world hazard a (b) soul,

(b) *Quid pro-* Which by th' adventure must with Devils howl:

derit unversum Nor (when a (c) God-like act was done, that all

mundum lucra- The city would have sacrific'd to *Paul*

ri, & animam And *Barnabas*) would they allow their votes,

perdere? Or be Canoniz'd by such popular throats.

(c) Healing How different those and our new Pastors wayes

the Cripple at Their half-ey'd sons can guesse, like *Barnabas*.

Lysra, Act. 14. They part from *Paul* (indeed) and Doctrines broach

Which *Paul* ne're own'd, nor He of *Antioch*.



A Commemoration of Saint John the Baptist.

Welcome thou *Martyr-Saint*, I'll sing thy Fate;
 Thy Birth, thy Life; to thee I dedicate
 These studies, for to thee my Colledge owes
 Its name, and on this day thy Legend shewes.
 All of thee is miraculous, thy Death,
 Thy Life, thy Birth, and motions before Breath:
 Child of a barren womb, must needs fore-run
 A Wonder, and fore-tell a Virgins Son:
 A leaping Prophet in thy parents womb,
 Thy self an Infant didst thy Sire undumb.
 So powerfull was the name of *John*, but wrote,
 It made a Prophet of a Mute: thus got,
 And thus produc'd, what *VV*onders will succeed?
 The first of Hermits, this in hairy weed,
 Lives in a wildernesse to unbeast men,
 Out-does a *Lessian Diet*; the rule then
*VV*as not in weight, but temperance; which shewes
 That abstinence all Physick-rules out-goes.
 Locusts and Honey of the unhiv'd Bee
 Preserves, and meat drest in a hollow tree.
 The Current runs him sober drink, I fain
*VV*ould know, whether the German, or the Dane,
 Or the out-topping Britain, drinks such Healths,
 Even now, in their reformed Common-wealths.
 Mark how *Jerusalem* runs forth to see
 This prodigie of new sobriety!
*VV*hich *Noah* (though i'th' Flood preserv'd) did lose;
 And *Moses* bred o'th' waters, did not choose:
 But as at first Creation, on the waves
 The *Plastick Spirit* mov'd, so here it saves.
*VV*hat cannot water do? weaknesse is lost,
*VV*hen that the Inmate is the Holy Ghost.

VWater inflames, inspires, blowes up, warms Grace,
 And washes souls, but us'd to cleanse the face.
 Besprinkled with such *Holy Water*, Jew,
 Thou art re-born, and circumcis'd anew,
 The Sacerdotal Knife cuts not the Evil,
 These drops drive out the VWorld, the Flesh, the Devil.
 How highly ought this Sacrament be priz'd ;
 Be then baptiz'd, but be not re-baptiz'd !
John was no Anabaptist ; people came
 But once to th' Font, and Christ did just the same.
 A seven-times washing was for *Naaman*,
 One dipping will suffice a Christian :
 Preparatory Graces bring in God,
 He fits a lodging for his own abode ;
 First *John*, and then a *Jesus* ; Penance hath
 The happinesse to usher saving Faith.
 Safe in thy Desert, hadst thou there remain'd,
 Prophet, thy vertues to the Court's proclaim'd,
 Where thy rough Doctrines, thy Destructions are,
 So did our Court dispatch a long-liv'd *Parr*.
 His by a change of diet, no excess
 Kill'd thee, the Court was a fine wilderness :
Herod the Beast o'th' Forest, whet his sword,
 And did behead' our Prophet for a word,
 For a *non licet* to his lawlesse lust,
 First to the prison, then the Axe thou must.
 Methinks in these our later dayes I see
 (Great Saint) thy now re-acted Tragedie ;
 Onely our age out-strips that horrid thing,
 And does behead' not onely Priest, but King.
 Thou that but once, and that i'th' womb, didst dance,
 (For joy thy Saviour to thee did advance)
 Art at a dancing Ladies loose request,
 Depriv'd of life, but by it higher blest :
 So that thy triple Baptisme standeth good ;
 By VWater first, next Spirit, then by Blood.

On the Feast of Saint Peter.

WHat honour (Great Apostle) is not due
 To thy renown'd Confession? first you
 (I am no *Thover*) started that great word
 Which made that Article, *Lord from the Lord,*
And God of very God: no Flesh can tell
 (Unlesse inspir'd) whence that great Issue fell.
 Th' Eternal Generation was too high
 For mortal reach, and is a Myserie
 Reveal'd, not understood, the motions know
 Of Divine actions in thick darknesse go,
 Or cloth'd in light that's inaccessible
 (Hid by their brightness, Angels cannot tell,
 Though they desire to peep into it) and
 Shall our unequal souls hope t' understand?
 Not *Peter*, while he spake, did comprehend
 Himself; if so, he'd not deny'd it 'fore his end.
 Yet worthily thy name was chang'd, a Stone,
 A Rock firnam'd for this Confession,
 And upon it, not thee, the Churches Faith
 Is laid, may I believe, as *Peter* saith.
 I do believe by the same Grace, not boast
 My self, but give the praise to th' Holy Ghost.
Peter did so, the honest Fisherman
 Nere dreamt of what the *Petropolitan*
 And *Denizens of Rome* have since contriv'd,
 Nor would have worn three Coronets had he liv'd:
 The Chaire Intallible, perchance that he
 Might well have wish'd before's Apostacie.
 How weak was the Man *Peter*, for to lay
 A Basis on, should last untill this day?
 When that a wave, and something weaker too,
 A pitifull wench made him his faith forego.
 But weakness is made strong, when Teares precede,
 And high Repentance wash'd away that deed.

I don't upbraid thy known Apostacy,
 But balance it with their new Primacy,
 VVhich *Roman Catholicks*, kinde souls, bestow
 On thee, insensible of things below.
 VVe all allow thee the First Confessour,
 VVhere *James* was President in Chaire and Pow'r.
 VVe all confesse thee prais'd by Christ, when one
 VVas more below'd, the *Eagle-ey'd Saint John*.
 VVe ne're deny to thee the *Keyes of Heaven*;
 But of those *Keyes* there were, beside, Eleven:
 VVe all applaud thy *Heaven-dropt sheet*, whereby
 The Faith broke forth into Community.
 VVe all confesse thee *Apostle of the Jewes*,
 (Though now the *Roman* thee their *Primate* choose.)
 Unkind repulse! when *Paul* to th' *Romans* wrote
 Alone, and to their Faith such honour got.
 VVe allow thee *Bishop of Christs Flock*,
Twelve equall Pastors, a most Royall stock.
 Feed then, *successive Angels*, that's your care,
 Feed the poor *Lambs*, they'r *Wolves* that do them tear.



*The Legend of Saint James, called Major,
one of the Sons of Zebedee, and
Apostle of Spaine.*

ARt thou Red Letter'd? Yes; the Almanack
Preserves thee; though the Holy-day we lack,
VVe keep the (a) Fair: 't had been good policy,
If that the Church (could it these times foresee)
Had made the Twelve Apostles *Maris*, then they
Might all, whereas now some, have a Saints day.
Dame *Zebedee*, so full of zeal, ne're thought
His Honour should to so low ebb be brought:
The right hand and the left was her bold boon,
And that in Heaven her sons, both *James* and *John*,
Might be advanc'd; how would the woman pout,
If she had known on earth they were put out,
And that he is deny'd the pay by some,
Of honour to his glorious Martyrdome.
Herod thy person murder'd, Holy Saint,
Our mighty men of VVar thy Day: why mayn't
We hope to see, as in those dayes befell
Our *Herods*, as that (b) *Herod*, fall as well.
It was not long before Revenge did seize
That Deify'd Orator, struck in a trice.
Pimme had not all the worms, it once may please
Vengeance to smite (not only Conscience)
But their Apostate body's with close Lice,
Who onely spoyle and murder solemnize:
But these and *Herod* differ in some things,
Herod kills Prophets, These both Them and Kings.
Herod imprisons for popular applause,
How many have been coop'd upon that cause?

(a) *Bristol* and
other places.

(b) *Acts c. 12.*

But

But by a finer word ; Imprisoning
 Securing's call'd, Robbing is Sequestering :
 But *Herod* speeches it, and gives no praise
 To God ; O but these do in our good dayes :
 There's not a Murder, not a Plund'ring, but
 They do the Pulpits with Thanksgivings glut.
 Had you now liv'd (you Sons, firnam'd, of Thunder)
 Then fire from Heaven you could not have ask'd under,
 Nor would have been deny'd ; but 'tis as well,
 Their fire is sure, if not Above, from Hell.

Upon



Upon the Legend of Saint Bartholomew.

THe Gospel's found, though the whole world is run,
 Now hear it preach'd, where Inmate is the Sun
 On *India's* parched ground, the East, the West,
 (Wealth that few Merchants get) and yet the best.
 Who dare upbraid the Lord at latter day,
 And say, this newes did never come in's way?
 Shall he be damn'd for what he could not know?
 No, Arguer; thou shalt not, if't be so:
 No Gospel slighted, no Apostle slain,
 No Faith rejected, no eternall pain:
 God by no absolute Decree does list
 Men to damnation (maugre *Calvin's* Twist.)
 Conditional are his Decrees, and they
 Mulcted alone, who gainsay, disobey.
 We fondly therefore to *Jamaica* sent,
 To convert Indians, (when for Gold 'twas meant.)
 Saint *Bartholomew*, full sixteen hundred years
 Ago (as in *Eusebius* Chronicon appears)
 Preach'd to those Heathen Folk; who did not weigh
 The matter, so he went into *Armenia*.
 What if the Indians prized more their Gold
 Then this rich *Margarite*? will the reason hold?
 (Because the *Negroes* will not Faith receive,
 Because Apostle-taught, they'l not believe:)
 Is therefore God unjust? whose sentence is,
Whosoe're believes in Christ, Salvation's his.
 His acts of Grace and his good Pardons be
 In Law and Gospel never Covenant-free.
 Repent, and be secure, proud *Nineve*,
 Believe, and enter my Felicity:
 They therefore put the *Obex*, they bolt out
Themselves, who are or Reprobate, or doubt.

Armenia shall rise up against *India*
 And thank her for her Refuse, she will say
 Our King converted by *Saint Bartholomew*,
 His Folly our great Idol overthrew :
 And we exampl'd by a pious Prince,
 Receiv'd the Faith, and have been Christians since.
 VVe honour him as our Gr^{at} Saint, and boast,
 That e're his Sacred person toucht our coast :
 But it prov'd bloody to him, for a King
Astages by name (O horrid thing !)
 Apostate to the Faith, and full of spight
 To those that did, and would continue right
 (After so many wondets done, such shoales
 Of preaching *Bartholomew's* converted souls)
 Condemn'd this Saint to a most cruel end,

- (a) *Dupleffis*. (a) Flay'd him alive, and raw to th' earth did send.
 But thou, Great Saint, art one o'th' Twelve, that shalt
 (b) *Luc. 22. 30.* (b) Judge the whole world, thy Saviour will exalt
 Thee for a witness of his Judgement last,
 VVhen sentence on all Flesh by him is past.
 Then shall *Astages* and the *Jewes* see
 (c) *AA's 5. 28.* Him whom he flay'd, they cast out, (c) glorify'd be.

Upon

Upon Saint Matthew Apostle and Evangelist.

FROM the Receipt of Custome call'd ? what ? leave
 Excise and Tax-money, the Banck ? and cleave
 To Poverty and Preaching ? *Blessed Saint !*
 Thou cam'st alone, and didst companions want.
 Few of that tribe will live on parables,
 The scent of Gain a great deal better smells
 Then the perfumes of Prayer, though th' Incense flie,
 And please the Nostrils of a Deity :
 Heaven and earth too, the Lawyer will content
 To barter this for that, he'l not indent:
 Sell all ? leave all ? give to the poor ? be poor ?
 Give him his parchments, farewell Saviour.
 O bunch of Camel-wealth ! damn'd Avarice !
 That stops the narrow passe of Paradise ;
 That strait-ey'd Needle cannot enter'd be,
 Till all that Mountain of Monopoly
 Be wire-drawn into such slender lines,
 A Spider works not smaller, finer twines.
 Thus stretcht, and beat, and crusht, impair'd, and lank,
 He may arrive to the *Elysian-bank* ;
 For *Charon* will not ferry in his light
 Cork-vessel any Fare of heavy weight :
 Spirits are all his passengers, no grosse
 Usurers, nor gluttons abominous :
 Such Loads will sink his Boat, and themselves too,
 And then in *Stryx* they'l stick, amongst a crew
 Of Snakes and Vipers, in most noisome mud,
 Which like themselves ne're was, ne're can be good,
Matthew forsakes these cloggs, this heavy lead
 Casts off, 'twas but his Foy, his own God-speed,
 Wrestlers and Racers strip unto the shirt,
 Any superfluous weight will do them hurt :

Away with Luggage and Impediment,
 A Wife, a Farm, Honour, Merriment,
 May lose the Goale. Run, run, *Atlanta*, flie;
 And let those rubs, the Golden Apples lie :
 A Christian life is Race and Warfare too,
 A strict Militia we undergo :
 Hard Duty, little Pay, strong Enemies,
 A passage block'd with Blood and Injuries :
 Yet all must be encounter'd, all o'recome,
 Or else no *Lawrel*, no *Elysium*.
 Our Banner is the Crosse, the Standard dy'd
 In Gules of our chief Captain crucify'd,
 Like General, like Souldiers, so he
 Was made triumphant first, and so must we :
 Whether the *Indies*, or (a) *Ethiopia*
 Be our sad Field (there was Saint *Matthew's* day ;
 There he did fight his last) we must march on,
 The word is *Martyrdome*, the *Van* is gone,
 And the prime Leaders of the Front are seen
 Blazon'd with Crosses, Swords and Axes keen,
 With Sawes and poison'd Cups, and Gridirons hot,
 Caldrons of boiling Lead (all to the pot)
 And we, the following Reer, must track by track,
 Tread the same way, and end in the same Rack.
 All's but a death, the acute Stone, the Gout,
 Ulcers in Reines and Bladder bring about
 Their Persecutors fate. But oh ! they die
 Not once, but are reviv'd to misery.
 Death after death, a second Fate doth seize
 Those, besides tortures of consciences.
 When quiet are the passages of Saints,
 Their ends are Charity, and no Complaints.
 Forgiveness fills their mouths, Praises their heart,
 The Tyrant's hurry'd hence, but these depart.

(a) The two
 places where
 S. *Matthew*
 preacht and
 converted; in
 the later he
 was murder'd.

Upon the Festival of S. Michael.

WHat? Warres in Heaven? Angels disagree?
Ovid hence took his *Gigantomachie*,
 Or else from *Babel*: so that *Pelion*,
Pindus and *Ossa* (batteries of stone)
 Were these bold Builders *Babel*, that whereby
 They thought t' have scal'd *Olympus* 'bove theskie.
 Unequal force! like *Titans* sawcy Race,
 Instead of *Juno* a void cloud embrace!
 So *Satan*, and *Abaddon*, and his train
 Conspir'd against the Highest (all in vain.)
Michael doth muster up his Holy Host,
 (Who in their confirmation onely boast)
 Propt by Divinity and their Chieftains pow'r,
 That Grand Devourer they did soon devour.
 Scatter'd those Legions of unjust array,
 Who took up armes, as *Lucifer* bid say,
 For God, and Hierarchy, and Covenant took
 To make him glorious, but t'was but a hook,
 A snare, a Devil-trepan to lift gull'd sprights,
 And cozen them of their eternal Rights.
 Dethroning was th' intent; the Juncto-Devils,
 VVhen they cry peace and truth, contrive all evils.
 But *Michael* understood their cloak'd design,
 And did the Underminers undermine.
 God and his Angels, was the Devils word,
 For God alone this Angel drew the sword.
 No pow'r concurrent, no nor Parliament,
 Nor any trick of Satans slye Invent,
 (As that their God should lesser be in pow'r
 Then all his Angels, and then each one more.)
 These Engines would not serve, for *Michael*
 Knew their false coynage, Art for to rebell,
 And hating dawb'd Hypocrisie worse farre
 Then their Hostility and open Warre,

Badè the Usurper and his specious taylor
 Avaunt, and in Gods name he did prevaile.
 Down fell that Fiery General and's crew,
 And *Michael* did his Victory pursue;
 Left not a Devil there, not to accuse,
 (Whom first he did mislead, and then traduce.)
 But woe to us! us Men! since this defeat
 Expulsed Satan makes the Earth his seat,
 And makes base men his Agents, which out-do
 In villany him and his Angels too:
 He and his fellow-Dragons about flie,
 Arm'd with all malice and malignity,
 Against the Seed o'th' Woman; which bless'd Seed,
 Though bruise'd i'th' Heel, yet broke the Vipers head;
 Yet wounded, not subdu'd, he fights in blood,
 And his last station far a while makes good.
 Heaven given for lost, and routed of all blifs,
 To people Hell his dire ambition is:
 And to enlarge that Kingdome's his desire,
 Though King and subjects all must dwell in fire.
 The world being his *de facto*, there he spy'd
 The Lamb's most faire, but yet distressed Bride,
 (Her Bridegroom for a time in Heaven contain'd)
 His spotlesse Spouse he hop'd to have profan'd,
 Made her Adultresse, and abjure her Head,
 (Because not seen) and take another bed.
 But she stood chaste and firm, defy'd his suit,
 Then Lust turn'd Rage, and he did cast about
 How to confound, whom he could not perswade;
 (All Stratagems in vain) he will invade:
 Her and her children this pursuer drives;
 Into the Wildernesse, yet there she thrives;
 Short grass is sweet; afflictions smooth the face,
 Nothing so fair as persecuted Grace.
 The blubber'd eyes of Saints their Ceruse proves,
 The choicest Unguent which their High God loves.
 See how her children (pretty Lambkins) run,
 (Not a whole skin their plunder'd backs upon)

Some worry'd by fierce Wolves and Dogs of prey,
 As in the wildernesse they passe away :
 Nor heeds the Serpent, though he knowes full well,
 And his curs'd Emissaries too can tell,
 They should not hurt nor wrong these Little Ones,
 Because that Angels are their Guardians,
 And intimate their sufferings in God's care,
 Who's slow to wrath, but will not long forbear :
 'Tis for a time and times; but then come woes
 To this poor persecuted woman's Foes.
Amen say Heavens, Angels fill the Quire,
 Triumphant be the Church that's purg'd by Fire,
 That through the Wildernesse and bloody Sea,
 Shall with her Bridegroom keep long *Jubilee*.

Upon

Upon Saint Lukes Day, Physitian
and Evangelist.

NO Calling is exempt from Grace ; why, Priest,
Do'st thou exclude ? when an Evangelist
Of a Physitian's made, who can deny
This to be true *Religio Medici* ?
See, our decry'd profession here is purg'd,
Let Atheisme never 'gainst us more be urg'd,
Cleans'd and baptiz'd in thee (most eloquent Saint)
VVe bid those foul aspersions avaunt.
Then for our lives, who ever liv'd with lesse
Then *Gallen*, and renown'd *Hypocrates*,
VWho not by *Lessius* or *Cornarus* weight,
(Measures of abstinence deviz'd of late)
Did scale out Diet ; that is tyranny,
These were the standards of sobriety :
And as a Prince in Physick should, they both
Oblig'd their willing Patients by an oath :
A voluntary Sacrament, and why
Is not this too *Religio Medici* ?
Fasting and abstinence are Harbingers
To Divine Gifts, the one the other infers.
No Devil with his tricks can circumvent
A fasting *John*, or *Jesus* in his Lent.
And those fast alwayes, who do sparing feed,
Then are Physitians a most sacred Seed.
It is the staple Doctrine of my Art,
VWhich to our losse, to th' world we do impart :
Be temperate and live; be temperate,
And be an *Hercules*, be wise, be that,
And be a Saint ; Angels will be our guests,
If we do treat them with such frugal Feasts.
Physicians Diet is like Angels Food,
A very little, but 'tis very good.

Now

Now for our Acts, Saint *Luke* his *Book of Acts*
 Shall be our *Era* and our first *Epoets*.
 To thee (Divine Historian) we owe
 VVhat of our Saviours Life and Death we know :
 None hath so fully wrote ; and learn'd Saint *Paul*
 Calls thine his Gospel, as if that were all.
 Saint *Paul* had not been known, but that for thee,
 To thee we owe the *Church-Chronologie*.
 Not such a *History* doth *Livy* write,
 Compar'd with thee deep *Tacitus* is light.
 VVhere such a piece can any *Annals* boast,
 As the *Descending of the Holy Ghost* ?
 VVhen all the sacred *Apostolick Quire*
 Spake all Tongues with Tongues, out of Mouth in Fire ;
 Not *Jupiters* escapes, nor the *Iliads*,
 Nor he who wrote of *wandering Trojan Lads*,
 Comes neere Saint *Paul's* escapes and voyages,
Aeneas Stormes in famous *Virgil's* dress
 Sounds not so high as thy Saint *Paul's* dire wrack,
 VVhen his wind-beaten Barque did bulge and crack
 Into a thousand pieces ; when Heaven powers
 Another Sea into the Main in showers :
 VVhen Lightning was instead of Sun, and th' aire
 In sheets of flashes had its lights repaire :
 VVhen a hunder did with noyse of high winds vie,
 And did all voyces, but Saint *Paul's*, out-cry.
 Then in that Storm the greatest Light was he,
 He like a Rock in all that tyranny
 Of winds and Sea, stood unremov'd, and brought
 Each soul to Land, each splinter was a Boat ;
 And his all-shatter'd Ship came safe to bank,
 Each passenger was shipt but on a plank.
 So floated this great Navy of one Bark,
 And *Paul* the Pilot of that swimming Park.
 VVhen such an Orator as thy Saint *Paul* ?
 Or such Oration as from him did fall ?

The fam'd *Philippicks* of *Demosthenes*,
 And *Cicero's Catalines*, and *Anthony's* |
 (Gallant, but fatall speeches) have no name
 With his Oration of eternall fame.

Whose killing words and language Spirit-shook

(a) *Felix.*

(b) *Agrippa.*

The gaudy (a) Governour, that bribes had took,
 And made a (b) King his Convert. These (Saint *Luke*)
 Are the great subjects of thy worthy Book.

Physician *κατ' ἰσχύν*, let me

In Physick and in Gospel follow thee,

(c) The second
 of *Paul* to *Ti-*
mothy.

E'ne unto Roman Martyrdome, when all
 But thee alone forsook th' Apostle (c) *PAN!*



On



On Simon and Jude's Day.

Brothers in Blood, and Blood (a double Die)
 For Martyrdome is a Nativitie
 Justly in Church-account, *Thaddean* Race,
 Of meanest Parentage, of meaner Grace.
 We shall not blazon now your Fishing-coates,
 Your Church-Nobility's not from your Boats,
 But Pulpits, not unlike your Trades before,
 Fish-nets for souls almost in every shoare.
 How many at a Cast Saint *Peter* caught!
 (a) Five thousand from a Sermon, mighty draught!
Simon, no lesse adventure didst thou make
 In *Egypt*, where thy holy baits did take
 That superstitious people; won by thee,
 To leave their manifold Idolatry.
 Thence to *Jerusalem* thou art recall'd,
 And *James* thy brother stoned, there install'd
 Bishop in's place, remain in *Persia*,
 Or come unto the Jews, the same's your pay,
 This is the wages, this good Bishops fate,
 (That on the Altar, not on the Trencher wait)
 To hang like (b) *Simon*, or like's brother (c) *Jude*,
 Be murder'd by a Pagan multitude.
Old Crucifie in vulgar mouths is loud
 Still, and as high as for our Saviours blood,
 Whom in his Priests they daily crucifie,
 And till he come last will this tyrannie.
 Then in that Monarchie (be it call'd the Fifth)
 He that was first lift up will these up-lift
 Unto Tribunals, seats of Glory, where
 All their accusers naked shall appear
 In thousand horrors of confused mind,
 Looking for shelter-mountains, but none find:

I

Wishing

(a) Acts 4.4.

(b) St. Simon
crucified un-
der *Articus*.(c) St. Jude
murder'd at *Es-*
desa, Dupless.
Enseb.

Wishing the Seas vast entrailles would receive
 Their souls ; or, that they are at all, they grieve :
 Annihilation were a kindnesse, all
Twisse's distinctions metaphysicall
 Give not a grain of comfort : Not to be
 Is better then to be in miserie.
 Better be never born, then born for Hell,
 And for God's glory in pains lasting dwell.
 The Milstone in the Sea (if it could hold
 The swallow'd captive) that wretch rather would,
 Then for's (a) Apostacy, and hating Light,
 Lie in the blacknesse of the darks of Night.

(a) The gene-
 ral Epistle of
Jude.

Upon



Upon All-Saints Day.

Will you behold this glorious company
 In Earth or Heaven first? there cannot be
 (Take all Imperial pomp) so rare a shew,
 Whether the Scene above be, or below.
 Let then their first Representation be,
 As they stood here i'th' vale of misery,
 In the Church-Militant: how they appear
 With cheerfull looks, but ragged every where?
 Poor in Apparel, but in (a) Spirit more,
 You'l meet him in the streets and at your doore,
 In Teares, in Sighs, in many dolefull tone
 (b) Bemoaning others, none doth them bemoan:
 (c) Calm as the Lew at Sea, yet themselves blown
 By Envy's blasts and Sequestration
 Upon the Quick-sands of deep Wants, yet then
 They are still meek and most becalmed men:
 Nay, though their Lenten faces, and dry cheeks,
 And shrivel'd stomachs for cold water seeks,
 (And get it not) their hunger doth encrease,
 And they thirst on; but 'tis for (d) Righteousness,
 The mercy that they cannot finde, they give,
 They will not hurt the poorest worm alive:
 For (f) innocence is in their Hearts and Hand,
 No Wool, no Snow so white on Cotswold-lands,
 As are their thoughts and actions; their eyes
 And often lift-up hands are known to'th' skies;
 And in Contentions and Domestick Jarres,
 Or when Ambition raiseth Civil Warres,
 For (g) Peace is all their Intercession:
 No arm'd Petitioners, which won't lay down,
 Unlesse they have their wills; which when they've got,
 They are undone and ruin'd by the Vote.

(a) Mat. 5. 3.

(b) Ven. 4.

(c) Ver. 5.

(d) Ver. 6.
Ver. 7.

(f) Ver. 8.

(g) Ver. 9.]

No, these, though in their just requests deni'd,
 Rest with repuls'd content, and satisfy'd :

(a) Verse 10. Or if a (a) Persecution on them fall,
 They don't recalcitrate, but take it all.
 Call 'um *Malignants, Enemies to th' State,*
 (Words on good Christians stamp too much of late).

A Sigh perchance is sent, or look on high,
 But not a word provoking, rather die ;

And for the *Name of Jesus*, and his Truth,

(b) Verse 11. They (b) suffer gladly, open not the mouth.
 Thus in their lower garments they appear,
 Now in their upper Robes, triumphant tire,
 Please to behold them : Those, those tatter'd things,
 The scorn o' th' world, the foot-balls of proud Kings ;

(c) Rev. 7.9. Those are the persons now array'd in (c) white,
 In garments which surpasse the brightest light ;
 With Ensigns of their blood-got Victories,
 Palmes in their hands ; these are the Martyrs, these
 They whom despightfull men did hale like Rogues,
 And hurrie up and down to Synagogues,
 Unto high Courts of Justice ; first by throats
 Of people murder'd, then by Judges votes.

How hear they now ? another hue and die

Their actions bear : Hark ! there 'tis Loyaltie :

VVhat here was Treason call'd : Disturber here

Is there a Laureat for a Peace-maker :

The Innovator here is there on high

VVith Angels all in Uniformity,

All in one voice ; one sacred Anthem's sung,

That holy Quire, and sacred Saints among.

The Spirit there, though present, and still by,

Likes their set Form and holy Liturgie.

Amen begins the Hymne, *Amen* concludes,

And this is chanted out by multitudes,

And tongues, and people of a several shew,

VVho learn'd these Anthems (they there use) below.

VVhere's

VWhere's their accusers now ? they'r slunk away,
 And not a man has any thing to say :
 The mouth of all Iniquity is shut,
 And Satan to perpetual silence put.
 VWhat shall we do ? who live in the sad age,
 VWhere all these Combatants were on the Stage ;
 Some flying up in fire, some flowing on
 In streams of their own blood to the Lambs Throne ;
 VVe follow must, and with long steps adore
 These *Hero's*, that shall never suffer more.
 Who ne're shall *thirst*, nor *hunger*, nor *drop tear*,
 But with the *Lamb* keep *jubilant year*.

Upon



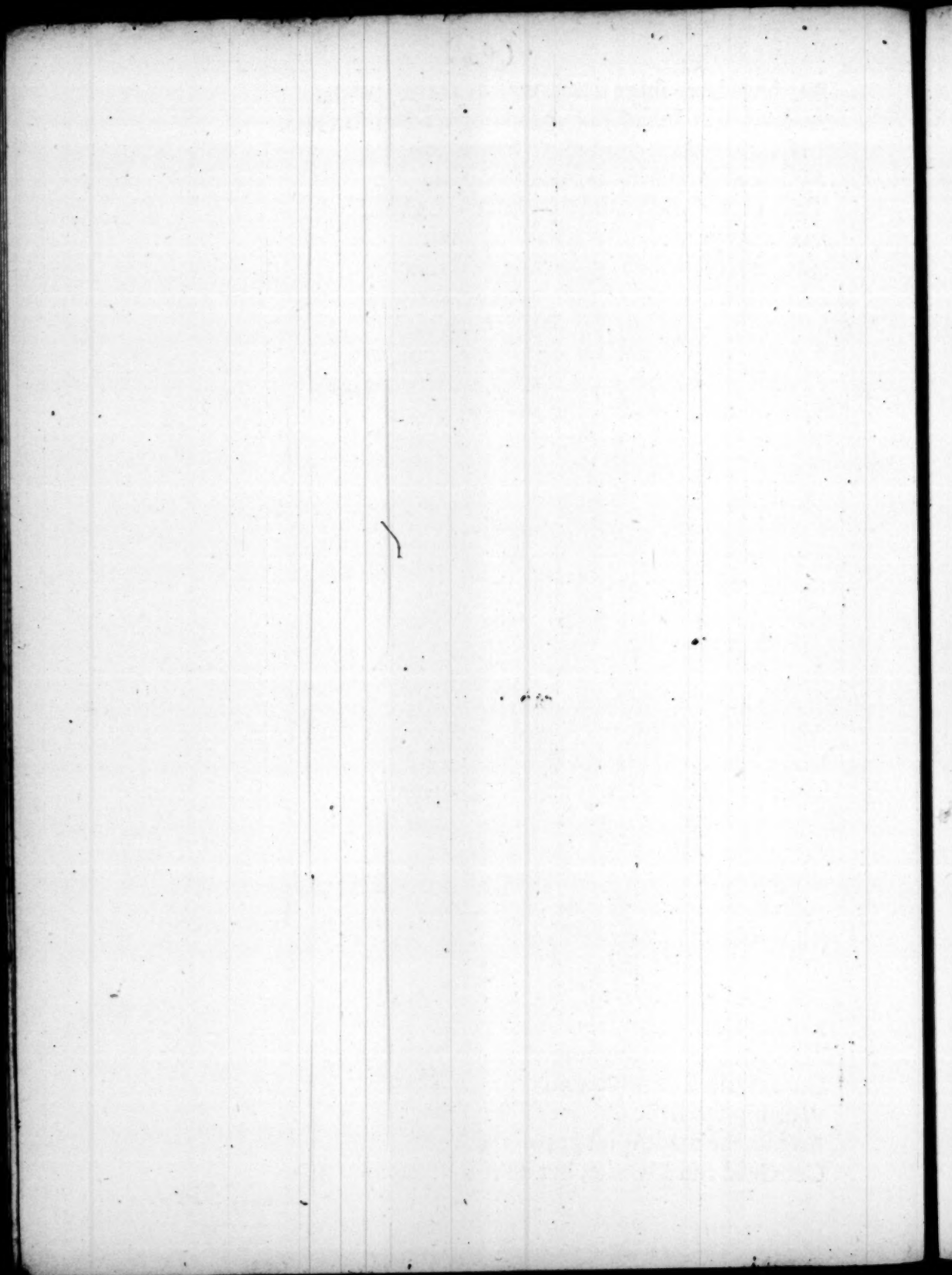
Upon the Prohibited Festivall of the Nativity of our Saviour.

a) A Jew, who
would have
bought Saint
Pauls Church
for a Syna-
gogue.

WHat? are our prayers refus'd? and do the Jews
Prevail? that we decry this High day's News?
Born, and not own'd? 'tis Covenanted well,
'Twixt Rabbi Presbyter and (a) Israel.
We shall joyn Synagogues in time, and say,
No Christ come yet, as well as No Christ's Day.
Who could imagine things should alter thus?
That an *Index Expurgatorius*
Should passe upon the Calendar, and Red
Letters expung'd, and Black be hallowed?
The very Horn-books censures undergo,
Because they do begin with *Christ-cross-row.*
The times were not so stingie once, but cry'd,
Mass, I defie thee, but allow'd Christ-tide.
A Generation now starts up so holy,
That counts all Festivals (but two) meer folly,
Saint *Rent day*, and Saint *Gunpowder*; the rest,
As superstitious Figments, are suppress't.
Not so these sixteen hundred years, till now,
As if a light from Hell had broken through,
And a new voice of sense quite contrary
Had cry'd, *Saul, Saul*, why dost thou honour me
Chim cham, Enthusiasmes; Bells do backward ring
With Motto's chang'd, *Honour no God, no King.*
O for an *Athanasian spirit*, that
Durst now stand up, and these new *Arrians* flat!
Or that the Swedish Sword had found the way
To weed *Socinus* from *Cracovia*!
Blest Reformation, had it so gone on,
And beat into their heads the *first of John*:
A Sword is best Expositor for brains,
Who poyson Scripture with divine Rats-banes:

But

But Jews have shipt them over in *Daniz*' boats,
 And we (like Brutes) have swallowed Polish Oats.
Crellians and *Crollians*, and *Socimans* we,
 And any thing but *Catholicks* may be.
 Thus Herfie doth burgeon, since the Creed
 In the suppressed Liturgie doth bleed.
 But Jew, dost thou by an unalter'd Law,
 (As if the *Persian* did thy conscience awe)
 Still keep a Passeeover ? and solemnize
 That day, the day from *Egypt's* tyrannie,
 (The Type of this day's birth) and we to wipe
 Out of our Calendars the *Antitype* ?
 Why don't we keep this Festivall as well ?
 Is a day from *Egypt* good, and not from *Hell* ?
 Did *Abraham* joy through Faith's dimme Perspective
 To see in after-thousand years Christ live ?
 And we, who from the true Apostolick See
 Deduce an uncontroll'd Chronologie,
 (Like *Job* in bitternesse of soul) desie
 And damn the day of this Nativity ?
 Are our own births and dayes but on repute,
 'Cause none our Mothers can, nor Clerks confute ?
 And shall the Mother-Church of the whole world
 In this one computation be controul'd ?
 Senselesse contest ! when her Authority
 For the alter'd Sabbath good we grant to be :
 We give her Faith to th' Resurrection,
 But for the Birth of Christ her verdict's gone.
 Abhor, my soul, this base confederacy
 (*Praludium* to a *Sanedrim*) when I
 A *Synod* see, and *Judaisme* go on
 From the deniall of the day to th' Son.
 Let us in Chorus joyn with Angels, they
 No share i'th' Anthem have who hate the Day.
 Let us with Eastern Sages come from far,
 Worship the Babe discover'd by a Star :
 And let the mad Apostates of the Age
 Get Gold and Myrrhe, but ne're be counted Sage.





A MEDITATION

Upon the

Churches pious Observation

OF

LENT.

His is that portion of the year, in which (as the Prophet sayes) the Lord calls for *Fasting* and *Mourning*, *Sackloth* and *Ashes*, the usual Rites of the Jewish Penitence; wherein we Christians (as well as they of the Circumcision) should forsake our beds of Pleasure, and boords, not onely of excesse, but convenient food, to the dismantling and attenuating the body, that the soul being made active and unclogg'd of the load of her unweildy scabbard, may be more expedite in the exercise of holy duties. He that is to go a great journey (sayes *Minutius Felix*) doth not

K

load

load himself, but lighten his garments, lest the balast of his obese and heavy body should sink him in the way. Ships that are for speed and saile are not big bottom'd, but gaunt, and made neat for their quicker dispatches. No man seeing a *Flemmin* and a *Spaniard*, both dress'd for a Race, would ever imagine that the Dutchman should come first to the Goal; wherefore with great care and wisdom hath the *Church of England* called the first day of this *Quadragesimal Fast*, *Ashwednesday*, *Dies Cinerum*, a day of the most low prostration of our Mind and Flesh to all acts of Humiliation. In my University it is the day of convoking or convening our determining *Batchelors* (the Lamb-skin hopes which the Mother lately year'd into the first degree of *Academick* honour.) These *Cyens*, Grafts of early learning, meet at a Latin Sermon, where the *Concionator* excites them gravely and appositely to both sobrieties, the abstinence from Lusts and Meats, the Nerves and Sinews of the other, that these young men might be (as *Solomon* wished his) *Rememberers* of their *Creator* in the dayes of their youth; with which severe pickle if that age be seasoned, you have a Poets warrant,

Servabit odorem testa diu & aliquid harebit.

Their whole life will smell of the ingredients if it took a due and handsome tincture.

This introductory Sermon is the Parent of many more, solemnly perform'd in another Pulpit at *S. Peters in the East*, and so held on till the Religious grief of the whole *Lent* ends in a joyfull Resurrection Sermon in that place, and two at *S. Mary's*, which all are and have bin of late years most excellently repeated by two successive admirable sons of *Pia Mater* Students of All Souls, and Magd. Coll. *memoria*: Which circumstances premised, I shall to the matter of this Meditation, which is the things for which we fast, and from which we fast. Our Saviour could not be imagin'd to undertake the latter part of this, whose pure and guiltless soul, as it could not be tainted, so it needed none of these auxiliaries for its pious support. Holinesse it self, *essentiall Purity*, wants no *Fulcra Pietatis*; those props are for us mortals made of fragile compositions, which are apt to faell and break, if not corroborated and strengthened by continuall covers and shields of Grace and

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Prayers.

Prayers. And for the things for which we fast (unlesse it were the glory of his Father) Christ also needed not to have undergone this miraculous *Lent*, which no man could ever keep but himself, although some do not forbear to think and say that any man butterest up in Grace may attain to such perfection. It were to be wished indeed, but never to be hoped for; therefore the *Montanists* of old, and the *Racovians* of late; and the *Roman Catholicks*, pretenders to highest *Discipline* may prescribe much, but never can take this Dose of Penance, nor observe the Rules they teach others: Nor was this Example of our Saviour set for an *adequate* Rule, to be imitated either by his Apostles, which were otherwise assisted then any of us, or by any of us, who though our spirits perchance may be willing, yet he knowes our flesh is weak; *Deus non requirit ab homine, quod non habet*, and our measures of Grace are proportion'd to our capacities. If we are by Divine assistances holy men, yet men are men still, and not Gods. Let no Pharisaeall presumption delude us into a wilderness; for the experience of our strength and spirituall valour, for fear Satan, that vigilant spie

spie of all our devotions, smell out the pride
 or hypocrisie which first were of his instilling,
 and while we think to be *Similes altissimi*, like
 Christ in this duty, fall down and wor-
 ship (what he never could) the Devil himself.
 In my small observation I never found the
 most Atlantick professors, both in Civil and
 Religious resolution and practice, those He-
 ctors for Monarchy, and the Hierachy in
 times of peace, I found them fall in the dayes
 of temptation most sadly. Saint Peters ver-
 bal magnanimity and great challenge; what
 a poore come off hath it? how does it end?
 This Dimock for Christ layes downe the
 Cudgels at the Quærie of a poor Damosel, &
 turnes an Apostate of a Cavalier, untill a
 Cock (the valiant'st of creatures) allarum'd
 his affrighted heart, and made him know
 that it is not good to crow before the Christi-
 an Engagement be begun: 'tis not he that
 putteth on, but he that putteth off the armor,
 knows the success of the battel. This diver-
 sion pardoned, I shall succinctly touch (for I
 intend a speech rather than a Tract) the *Res*
Substrata, or subject of a Fast: And first, the
 things we fast for, are Faith, assistances of
 Grace,

Grace, and for gifts of Prayer, whereby so assisted, we may persevere in that Christian state wherein we finde our selves, for not onely resolutions of amendment of our lives, but reall changes. For both charities, that principal of the love of God and our Neighbour, which indeed is the summary of the Law, and the other lesser of the hand, which will be opened and enlarged, as the heart is enflamed within; for fire is of a dilating and expansive property, which no clutch'd fist can ever hold. We *fasted* also, or should, for Righteousnesse, Justice, Meeknesse, Temperance, Obedience, Patience, Thankfulnesse, and all Christian and Moral Vertues; and if we fast soundly, He that onely can quench that thirst and appease that appetite, will distill into your dry floores such comfortable showers, as the dew of *Sion* and *Hermon* hills cannot excel in fragrancy nor fertility. This is to fast for life, for everlasting life, and the Bread of life that came down from Heaven, will again descend by his Spirit into your hearts, and fill you full of all spirituall joy and assurances of Heaven, which are only certified to us by our constant sanctification,

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ietched out in fear and trembling. A Christian is alwayes under a *Caveat*, in his most Souldierly posture upon his armour, this is the Word, *Cave pedibus miles*; look to thy foot, take heed lest thou fall: The whole Armoury of S. Paul is but little enough to defend these Militia-men against three such enemies, which sometime lie in Ambuscadoes, sometime attempt them with open hostility, and batteries, and dangerous onsets, besides underminings: wherefore knowing you are to fight, whether in the *Wildernefs*, in a single Duel, or in *Campania*, in the open Field, or *Pickeering*, that is, against one particular vice; *Cape arma, sta in procinctu*; be harnassed, be girt, and let the word be *Sit Deus nobiscū*; let God be with us, and then you shall so fast and so fight, that a joyfull victory will follow, or quick delivery, which is as good. Which hints unto me the second things from which we are to fast, which are most excellently enumerated in that singularly well composed Prayer of the Letany of our Churches Liturgy, wherein we pray God to deliver us from all Evil and Mischief, from Sin, from the Crafts and Assaults of the Devil: Which if avoyded, by
 neces-

necessary consequence Gods wrath and everlasting damnation will be escaped. And take the concluding Prayer into your Fasts, and say, *From all Sedition and privy Conspiracy (begot by & arising) from false Doctrine and Heresie, and from hardness of Heart (which is now called tender-nesse of Conscience) and contempt of Gods Word and Commandements, (which is now called The new Light) Good Lord deliver us.* Thus fast and you shall obtain, not out of the work done by you, which is acceptable, but in his fasting, who is onely gracious, and in whose merits all our lame and imperfect works are sanctified.

For by his holy Incarnation our flesh is purified, by his holy Nativity and Circumcision our new life is raised, & our old *Adam* buried; by his Baptism, Fasting and Temptation, our Fasts, our Abstinence, our Trials, are all made in some measure holy, so in the procession of his glorious Merits.

By his Agony and bloody Sweat, by his Crosse and Passion, our Sufferings, Plunderings and Martyrdomes are crowned; by his precious Death and Burial, by his Resurrection and Ascension, our pious *Exits* and goings out of the sad Stage of this World, our *Sursum corda*,

corda, our lifted-up souls, your awakenings from the Lethargie and Death of our past Sins, are gracious with his Father, and beneficial to our selves. And by the coming of the Holy Ghost we are fortified and double guarded, intrench'd and pallissado'd against all the malice of our invading enemy, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. Feare not little Garrison, though you fast a while, relief is coming, yea, & by a parry of Horse, by an Army, such as *Elias* was upon the Mountain, greater in number then your enemies. Fear not, besieged soul, for God will rescue thee, and he shall bring you forth from this *Garrison of the World*, with Colours flying, Drumms beating, & all but your *Moneys*, which must be left behind; that bunch in the *Camels* back, which must be crush'd, and pass'd, and wire-drawn, before you can be fitted to take that narrow pass, *the eye of the needle*; and then look before you the strait way of Christian Discipline, the Gauntlet run, what joy doe you enter into! what variety of Heavenly Mansions! where every Souldier for his earthly services hath a Patrimony, which cannot be taken from him, which cannot suffer waste, but is upon im-

provement for ever, where every Souldier hath a Medall of his Chieftaines Donation, the Seal of the Everliving God, which is the Badge of his fidelity, and a perpetual and indelible character of his Loyalty to his Master: No more shall be heard the word of *Indigent Officers*, or any such Sarcastick sound against them; for they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more; neither shall the Sun of Persecution, nor any heat of Oppression light on them: But the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall lead them to *Fountaines of living waters*, and God shall wipe away all teares from their eyes. Amen.

Rev. 7. 16.





A MEDITATION
ON THE
PASSION
Of Our
SAVIOUR.

I Do present *Your Royall Highnesse* with such a Scene of Sorrow, such a Tragedy, as that Age onely beheld, and no Age after it shall see, The Prince of Peace, the Councillor, Murthered by his own People, Crucified at his own Gates: Was there any Sorrow like this Sorrow? which is magnified by the Dignity of his Person, by the Basenesse of his Accusers, the Falsenesse of the Accusations, the Impudence of his Judges. From which unjust Tribunal, those that loved him fled: at whose sufferings the ashamed Sun withdrew its light, testifying by its miraculous opacity and darknesse, that the God of Light was extinguished,

ringuished, the Earth opened; and had not the *God of Mercy and Love* forbid, would have swallowed the Nation, as it did once before a part of them, whilest his helplesse Spectators (the ever Blessed Virgin his Mother, with his belov'd Disciple) stood by pierc'd at the heart to see him so pierc'd, to see her Son (the *Son of God*) so roughly and barbarously butcher'd, by those who liv'd, and mov'd, and had their Being from him, while God look'd through the Cloud, permitting (what was from Eternity designed) Men and Devils to act a piece of Wickednesse, which was the ruine of the Contrivers, the Devils fatal overthrow, the destruction of *Jerusalem*, the abandoning of the *Jewes*, and Redemption of the whole World.

Pardon me Sir, if in honour to my Saviours Sufferings, I undertake what would ask the pen of the most Ready Writer, and he onely could truly blazon that *Princely Prophet*, from whose Loyns (as to the Flesh) he was descended.

I had need of a Protection Royal, nay an Army Royal, for a Guard, while I enter upon the History. As many Enemies hath *Christ* him-

himself as had his Father *David, Gebal, and Ammon, and Amaleck*; the *Philistines*, with they of *Tyre, Hagarens, Moabites and Ishmalites*, and a number of confederate and associate Conspirators united against the Tribe of *Judah*; So against this Lion of that Tribe are combin'd *Marcionites, Ebionites, Eutichians, Nicolaitans, Arrizans, Socinians*, and a Hydra of Schismatics, all of them either enemies of his Humanity or Divinity. These crucifie not his Person on the Crosse, but his Natures in their Heretical Writings: they untext the Gospel of *S. John*, and with false and pitiful glosses would perswade their *Sectaries* that *Tempus erat quando non fuit*, that there was some time when he was not, and so labour to null his Eternal and co-essential Being with his Father before all Worlds, deprive him of his just Right of Creation of the World, testified by that Eagle-ey'd Evangelist, who sayes, directed by the Holy Ghost: *By him all things were made, John 1.3. and without him nothing was made that was made*; who being the Wisdome of his Father, was the most accomplish'd Agent through the Holy Spirit to effect that stupendious Convex that hoops in this lower Orb. And how bravely

bravely were these Blasphemies introduc'd by the affassination of a most Christian King
 * Or *Morinius*. *Aurelius* *, & that murder proving succesful, *per scelera sceleribus iter est*, they march in a procession of wickednesse, and streight stab the Deity of him that is anoynted for evermore: That inhuman butchery got an Empire to *Phocas*, and a triple Crown to his sacrificing Priest, who ever since usurps the Purple Robe; a fit Die and eternal Testimony of his Blood-got Supremacy over his fellow-Bishops. These crucifie the Scriptures, as the Jewes did Christ, and expunge the sense, though not the words: and whereas the letter sayes, *None shall be greater then another*, they say, *one shall, and is above them all*; nay not onely their Apostolick Overseers, but in *Ecclasiasticis*, over Emperours and Kings. Well gratified (old *Phocas*) that by the base acquisition of a Diadem, straight didst part with the best Flower in it. No such *Regimen* was left by our Saviour, nor no such Vicar, nor no such *Peter*, with a brandisht Sword, no such *Boanerges*, with a sublunary Fire, Cellars of Gun-powder and spiritual Ammunition, that shall more expeditely convey three
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* Boniface the
Third.

estates to heaven, then *Elias fiery Chariot*; yet this usurpation still obtains upon some Princes, who for politick ends, or for fear of Raviliacks and Jesuited Daggers, or which is worse, for covetous and ambitious designs, suffer that Christ that is in them, to have his head stuck with Thornes, and his mouth im-bitter'd with this damnable Doctrine, the Lees of the Cup of the Lady of *Babylon*.

How far short are our Sectarians at home, who hold not forth indeed a Golden Cup, but a worse, an (a) *Antinomial Cup*; which if (a) Against the Commandments, the Princes of this World drink, the rough emetick will make them void all the just prerogatives belonging to their *sacred Authorities*. Up comes first the Militia, without which Kings are as powerful as our Saviour with his Reed in his hand. *Arundinem pro Sceptro*, they must hold forth a Bulrush instead of a Scepter. The next reach or straine of this vomitary Purge, is *Potestas vitæ & necis*, without which there can be no Magistrate, the Administration of Justice, the Dispensations of Rewards and Punishments, being the Charter of God, delegated to his servant the King, for the encouragement of the good, and punishment.

ment of evil persons. The third operation is as bad, which fetches all his jurisdiction *Ecclesiastical* up at one heave, and throwes that precious Right into the Classical Basin first, and then into the great Caldron of a Provincial Synod, in which his own head must boil, if he dissent from that Consistorian sentence and Assembly suffrage. What Jew, what *Loyalist* of *Ignatius* could ever desire more? These are the *Abisgab* of our *Adonirams* & *Adonijah's* humble petition to his Majesty, and let his answer be (as I hope his wisdom is) like *Solomon's*, aske the Kingdome also to be tripartite and divided betwixt *Abiathar* a covenanting Presbyter, and *Joab* the Son of *Zervia*, a traiterous Generall: So let the King serve them as *Solomon* did, who dare to intreat him from his power with bended knees, and hands lift up to Heaven, yet carry short swords to destroy the loyal *Abners*, the Kings most trusty and well-beloved friends. So let the King displace such *Abiathars*, who not subscribing to the enacted Lawes of the Land, under pretence of weak conscience, have the consciences to disturb the Peace of the Land, and affront the Government thereof. There
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is no fear, *Royal Sir*, that your Majestick Brother should want *Zadocks*, Orthodox and Loyal Priests: For look, Sir, in the Cave, where God hath hid from cruel persecution five thousand, who never bowed to the *Baal* of those dayes, nor *fell down to worship the Calfe*, though made of the *Ear-rings*, *Whistles*, *Bodkins* and *Silver Spoons* of the deluded Sisters of the Nation. Let them bite upon the bit, and stoop to the sentence of the house of *Eli* and *Abiathar*, till they snap at a morsel of bread out of the inferiour tables belonging to your High Priests. If upon any threats or solicitations, these Prerogatives be parted with, then take heed of a *Tolle*, & *crucifige*, away with him, crucifie him; as your Martyr'd Father saith in *ΕΙΧΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ*, Kings once divested of their power, are soon imprisoned, and then murdered.

For truly, *Royal Sir*, the Lives of Princes run almost parallel with their Saviours: Their whole Reigns are but continued Passions. *Damocles* did well in his *Item* of Regal Care and Danger to suspend a naked Sword with the point downward, by a slender twist over his head as he sate at table.

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How

How early was thy Persecution, my deare Redeemer, when thy Cradle was not free from a murderous Herod, whose life he so much thirsted for, that many Hecatombs of Infants were murdered for fear Thy tender Person should escape. That streame of Innocent Blood was *prælude* to the Death of the Lamb, that the Red Sea wherein thou didst float to *Aegypt*, which harbour'd Thee in Thy flight, the onely *Goshen* of the Land. No Pharaoh's daughter now to suckle this Divine Exile, but Angels were thy Rockers and Nurses, and the *Apis* of *Aegypt*, I mean the Cow, was prostrate, and fed the onely *Via Lactea*, or milky way to Heaven. Herod dead, and the Wise men thy Worshippers, Star-guided home, thou didst return to thy *Jerusalem*, a while to preach, anon to die. 'Tis true indeed, the loaf-fed multitude, very pious by *qualms* and fits, especially when their bellies are full, would have made an earthly Prince of the King of Heaven: But Thou that knewest the danger of such Principalities, didst flie from a Scepter with more hast then *Richard the Third* came to it, of whom it is storied, That he came from the womb with his feet for-

forward, and he made wicked speed, and in a crimson flood sworn to the Crowne, which he did not long enjoy, the Duke of Richmond soon after avenging the blood of his slain Kindred in *Bosworth Field*, which was his just *Aceldama*. Just got Diadem, Regal Inheritances are insecure, but ill acquired Thrones never sit safe, and Tyrants seldome make a drie end, but are wet and bedewed in blood to their graves.

*Necque enim Lex justior ulla est,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

*'Tis just th' Inventers of great Torments have
The Executions they to others gave.*

There is a Bull for a *Phalaris*, nay his owne Bull, a *Thomaris* for *Cyrus*, a Gibbet for *Haman*, an Axe for a Bloody Rump, and a Pole Rampant higher then the rest for an aspiring *Oliver*. Our Saviour said, *His Kingdom was not of this world*, he was Lord over it, Lord Paramount, and these the Fifth Monarchists, who so much contend for his reign upon earth, though they make themselves onely

his subjects, shall never see their adopted King, whom the Heaven of Heavens must contain, untill all Kingdomes, Levellers and all, are levelled with the Earth. He came not to wear a Crown of Gold, but Thorns, which made his head so many Fontinells of blood, every prick opening an Orifice, whence issued salvation to the world. In the Garden this bloody Fight began, when by his strong apprehension of the imminent danger, he sweat thick drops of blood, the soveraigne water of that Garden: then he prayed, that man of sorrow deprecated, that that Cup might pass. *Vox hominem sonat*; the Prayer shewes him Man, but his Suffering and his Submission, God: not *My will*, not the *will of me, as Man*, for what man can court Death? but *thine and my will, as God, be done*. Therefore his *ἐκτενές*, his vehement Groaning and Weeping were the strong and emphatick Emanations of his sad Soul, laden with the Sins of the whole earth, as a Cart is laden with sheaves, in which are millions of millions of Grains, the complicated vices of the Seed of *Adam*; so was this Winepress-treader burthened, who alone trod the Grapes in garments.

ments sprinkled with his own Blood. Can we heare this, and not compassionate? weep Daughters of *Jerusalem* a little for him, but more for your selves, for whose defections, whole spiritual Fornications, for whose Pride and Luxury, Covetousnesse and Hypocrisie: this Hen (that so oft would have gathered you as Chickens under his healing wings) is pull'd and torn to pieces, hash'd by barbarous Souldiers and tumultuous villaines. If we can, let us with watery eyes follow the pomp and prowess of his Sufferings: through Water and Tears Objects are magnified, but this Shew cannot be made greater by any *Optick helps*. The God that made us is as much above our decyphering as comprehension, and no Painter, no *Apelles* can draw the lines of this Representation, so strong the Agony, Luke 22:43. so vehement, that an Angel is sent to strengthen the Man (the God for a time withdrawn.) The Angel no sooner gone (O take not from us those Guardians!) see a multitude comes, and *Judas*, a Devil and his Legi- Verse 47. ons: The Traitor now acts his part, this holy Cut-purse, this Pious uses man, whose love to money made him verbally good to the poor.

poor. He was more thrifty and saving for a box of precious Oynment then for the Lords Anoynted : For with a Kiss (the signe and seal of highest Affection) this false Apostle betrayes the Lord of Life to certain Death; for thirty pieces of Silver sells the King of Righteousnesse to the Devils Emissaries.

*Auri sacra fames quid non mortalia cogit,
Pectora.*

A purse of Gold, and a million of money shall preponderate and out-weigh plighted Allegiance, covenanted Fidelity, and a King (if Queen Argent command) shall be delivered to the merciless cruelties of implacable Beasts.

Verse 52.

Now the Rout have him and Souldiers, Captaines and Chief Priests, a combination of Murtherers, (but a Jewish High Court of Justice) they first privately in the close Committee vote him to death, & in mockery of the Law bring false witnesses against him in the Court. As Judas was brib'd to betray his Person, so these mercenary mouths swear his Guilt, accuse him of a Fact he never did, nor they never knew.

This

This is the known Artifice against all good and loyal men in every Age: When their Vertues and Actions grow either suspected and hateful to the State, then

*Spurge res voces,
In vulgum ambiguae & querere conscius arma,*

Virg. Aen.

*If Lies will not prevaile,
Tumults and Souldiers doe it without fail.*

So the Renowned Prelate, the noble Earle of ^{Arch-bishop} ~~Strafford~~ ^{Laud}, and his Sacred Majesty of ever Blessed memory, were belied out of their lives, and Armies failed to defend the lawlesse Execution.

But the Jewes may not put any man to death, that morsel of sweet revenge & Regall Power was not permitted to their Elderships; they might accuse stoutly, but could not sentence: That Jurisdiction was the sole Priviledge of the Supreme Power, which at that time was *Tiberius* the second Emperour from *Cesar*, so then to *Pilate* his Governour under him, was this Innocent Person led by malicious Persecutors, whose charge is, that he was an Innovator, a Sabbath-breaker, an Enemy

Enemy of *Cæsars*, I, there it went; for *Pilate* was to look to that above all other accusations: the first device of his intention to change Religion, was to open the peoples throats, who though they understand little in the point, yet they are alwayes very fierce for the Word, and are very jealous of losing that indeed they never had; but all these aggregated and accumulated Treasons would not reach to his life: 'tis strange they had not begg'd the murder, and enacted it with a *salvo* Law to their own necks,

Ne trahatur in exemplum.

Luke/33.34.

But that trick was reserv'd for our Modern Jewes, who far out-did these of the Text: For our Saviour begs pardon and forgiveness for these, excusing them to God, because of their ignorance, *They knew not what they did*; and the Apostle afterward apologizes for them, *If you had known, you would not have crucified the Lord of Life*; but our *Hirudines*, our King-Leeches, the Eldership of the late Model knew that *Charles the first* was their King, had sworn Faith and Allegiance to him, and yet in pursuance of a blessed Covenant, suffered their fellow-Foxes to worry that Lamb of the

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the Land to death. Their hypocritical excuse is nothing, That they never intended the business should go on to Blood : But,

*Qui nolunt occidere quenquam,
Posse volunt.*

Many there are who will not kill,
But wish the power to do it still.

Is it the Axe onely destroyes ? do not the Accusers, doe not the Witnessses, doe not the Despoylers of the Fences of Innocency do as much as the Executioner ? He is more excusable then the other, for being an appointed Minister for that purpose ; he does the commands of Superiours , and let them look to it, whosoe're were the Authors and Abettors, who brought him to the block.

But observe, I pray, what a league of love is struck in the very height of an intended murther, *Herod* and *Pilate*, two publick Ministers of the Imperial State, are this day cemented into a fresh amity by the blood of Christ, Sectarians and Souldiers, *Cromwell*, *Bradshaw* and *Ireten* could not hugg closer in

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private

private then these great Officers did in publick ;

Quos opinio divisit, scelus hoc conjunxit;
whom diversities of Religions did divide, a prosperous Mischief does unite. O fatall Friendship ! for by this confederacy the Lord of Heaven & Earth was exalted to the shamefull death of the Cross, see him pendent in his own Aire, which when he made it was good, but desires to be now as it was before struck out of Chaos ;

*Hac est illa dies quæ magnæ conscia cædis,
Exitio Christum (virgo Beata) dedit :*

*This is that fatall day, and conscious hour,
Virgin, which kill'd thy Son our Saviour..*

See here the Type of that Brazen Serpent, long ago raised up in the Wilderness, which saves even those that fixt him to the Crosse, that sav'd the Trooper *Longinus*, who, converted at the sight of his Sacramental Blood, and Miracles of the Passion, was baptised at the Wound himself made in his side ; sovereign is the Blood of Sovereignes ; so the blood-dipt Hankerchief of a scoffing Souldier proves
a Cure

a Cure to the Kings Evil, when they had done all Evil unto him. The Scoffs, the Taunts, Revilings of stony hearted Spectators were greater piercings to him then that of the Spear, that was Vinegar to his eares, more sharp and acid then that of the Sponge; a sad draught to drink his last in; yet in that *Salutem propinavit mundo*, he drank Saving Health to the whole World. And so,

Exit Regum optimus,

Vitaq; cum gemitu fugit exornata sub umbras.

But what a Scene is in that last Catastrophe? The Sun withdrew his light, the Temple rent assunder, the Graves opened. Let me a little paraphrase here: so was it (under correction) at the departure of our King? The Light, which was more precious then the Suns, the Gospel, was for a time clouded and extinct: Darkness, worse then *Egyptian*, surrounded us, no *Goshen*, but here and there a light, like *ignes fatui*, the Wise and Learned of the Land wandered up and down in Fields and Dens; the Routed Glow-worms of this Land shone for all that in this obscurity. Temples rent not onely, but pull'd down, or vio-

lated by Horsedung, and what is worse, Dungmen. Graves opened, and the bodies of new Saints streight appeared, which no man ever knew before. These Graves were truly open Sepulchres, which devoured Widowes Houses, Royalists Estates, Church, Kings and Bishops Lands. See now what a *Pharaoh's Dream* is new interpreted: the *lean Kine*, the meanest, basest and worst wretches of the land, eat up the Fat, the Rich, the Fortunate; and what becomes of the lowing of these Oxen? the bleating of these Sheep? Alas, ye fooles, ye saw not the hand-writing on the wall; your *Mene Tekel* was then set up, and your fatnesse onely prepared you for the slaughter.

*Saginati in cadem,----- Mischiefs feed
Like Beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.*



A M E D I T A T I O N

*Upon the 29th. of May, being His Majesty's
Birth-Day, and Day of Restauration, and
upon the Fifth of November, being the day of the
General Deliverance of the King and Parliament
from the Gunpowder-Treason.*

IF the noyse of Joy were not as loud as that
of *Treason*, we should not on this day hear
the news of our own Redemption (said a
learned Arch-deacon of *Christ Church*) and to
quote an eminent Prelate of the same House, I
shall borrow a little Preface from him also;
and say, *Sicut infra sic supra, Sicut extra sic intra*,
as the *Mine* of the first *Treason* was in a cellar,
and below the House; so the second, which
was no lesse in intention, and higher in exe-
cution, was in the House it self, where depraved
and most wicked persons out-gunpow-
dered the Popish Conspirators. What those
intended, these acted, & the Conclave was but
the:

the Antimasque to the Consistory. If ever *Lenthall* the faithless Speaker spoke any thing true, it was, that the *Presbyterians* were and are the mortal enemies to *Monarchy*. This was no extorted confession, but the words of a dying sinner, affraid, of the account he was to make to him by whom Kings reign. His vast Estate could not quiet a troubled conscience, nor will *Brandywine*, though it intoxicate for the present, comfort or relieve a *Harrison*, or a *Hugh Peters*. Sir *Henry Vane* saying he died a Presbyterian, shewed he died a Rebel in Grain, and in his confession aggravated his Sin against God, and entail'd to that Faction. I believe the *Prick-ear'd Knight* thought to see a new War out of the *Elysian fields*, where he, *Cromwel*, *Ireton* and *Bradshaw*, are dancing a Fiery Morris, and the three Furies playing upon severe instruments to their deplored Changes. Let not any man or party think, that evil is, or ought to be done, that good may come of it, when it is contrary to the expresse words of the Text: no man is able, or can, or must bring good events out of bad actions; 'tis onely God can do that, and alwayes does, who over-ruling all designs, and
suffe-

suffering high mischiefs for ends best known to himself, doth, and providentially did confound the Presbyterian Contrivances by an Anabaptistical Army, and that Army by an indigent Rump, and an almost beggar'd City, and the found rather than the power of an Army, and so restored without a blow, a most Heroick Prince to the Rights which every one of those Factions had deprived his Father of. Who, I pray, but God blasted the Councils of *Achitophel*, dethroned the hotspur *Abshalon*, intrapped the politick *Adonijah* and his Second, *Joab*, the revolted Captain of the Host of *Israel*? Men may plot, but God orders the event: What are the tutelary Angels of Kingdomes for, but to execute his Will, and to over-rule the mad enterprizes of ambitious, covetous and blood-thirsty men? Nor doe I write this because of the joyfull event ~~only~~, but in the midst of the Usurpers glory it was my faith, though I could not ~~assist~~ my selfe the sight of it, that it would ~~be~~ brought to pass.

These are thy Doing, O God, and it is wonderfull in our eyes; let our hearts be enlarged with thankfulness, as thy favours are amplified.

fied above our deserts. Honourable mention
 is made by the Parliament for the 29th. of
May, and in everlasting memory will be the
 fifth of *November*. Here the Grandfather, Un-
 cle and Father of our King was preserved
 from the blow of unruly fire; and now the
 joy of our hearts, the breath of our nostrils
 wonderfully brought in into a gasping and al-
 most expiring Kingdome: *Ezekiels* Vision
 acted to the life, bones, carcases, Skelitons, are
 re-enlivened, refresh'd, and walking, not like
 trees, but trees revert, men indeed, Royalists,
 the reputed off-scouring of this Nation, in
 Feathers, Velvet Jumps, and Gold Belts, as if
 it had been their *Resurrection day*: an Army,
 but a moneth ago in pay against their Prince,
 the loyal Reer-guard of his Majesty's person:
 Red-coats, that routed him at *Worcester*, and
~~now~~ heroick Duke at *Dunkirk*, houting and
 shouting loud *Vive le Roy's*, tossing their caps
 for joy ~~that~~ he was come again to them,
 whom God would exalt. The Devils extort-
 ed confession of our Saviour was the effect of
 a Divine Power, and these Acclamations
 were the Finger-work of God, who can turn
 the hearts of men as it pleaseth him best, who
 stills

stills the raging of the people, and allayes the foaming of the Sea. Let us therefore cry *Salvation to him that sitteth on the Throne, & setteth in the Throne*: Let our *Amen* be as a clap of Thunder, and our *Hallelujahs* as the roaring of the Sea. Let the harmony of our Souls out-voice the Organs, and let the *Anthem* of all true *Englishmen* be, as that sometimes of the Angels at the Birth of Christ, so now at his Restitution to this Island, *Glory be to God on high, good will to men, and peace on earth,*

Let the Discontented no more repine at what the Lord hath brought about; let them not fight against Heaven, but imitate this story of *Philip*, the husband of *Queen Mary*, who when he heard of the loss of his formidable Armado, dispersed and scattered by the Fleet of *Queen Elizabeth* (but as it was related to him by a Tempest) he patiently said, He did not send his Navy to fight against *God Almighty*.

The 29. of May be ever as the Spring it self for Glory, a day of all Ornaments, Feasts, and Jubilee, for two such great Blessings, a Prince born, and a Prince reborn without a Baptism of Blood to his Crown of Inheritance.

Cesar came to a Dictator-ship through a

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Pharsalia Field of Blood. But here was no *Ferri faciem Miles*, Strike at their faces Souldiers, but rather a *Parce civibus*, an Act of Indemnity, which every Citizen should wear in their hats, to expiate for the Libellous Petitions they sometimes so carried. In that Oblivion let the triumphs for two seditious *Barrabbas's Burton* and *Bastwick* be for ever forgot, and let the cursed *Hue and Cry maker* be forgiven, and his *Exit Tyrannorum ultimus* be washed out of his conscience, as it is exploded from the Statue. Let the *Crucifige* of the Souldiers be drowned in their *Vivat Rex*, and let the Pouders of the *Petropolitans* be buried in the earth from whence it is made, even in that cellar where it was barrell'd up for King and Parliaments destruction. Let the Restoring of a true persecuted Church inform the Roman Catholics, that This is Mother of the true Children, the *Common Prayers add good Preaching*, which the *Dragon of Huntington*, General under the great Dragon in the *Apocalyps*, pursued into the Wildernesse: But see how she sits, most eminent, most conspicuous; O may she continue so for ever; and let her Priests be cloath'd with Righteousnesse, as with a

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Surplice, and with meekness and liberality as in Scarlet Robes and rich Mitres. And you my loving friends of the Clergie, raise your selves high by good examples, lives and hospitalities in the opinion of the people; and do not as the Giants of old, who by heaps of mountaines fought against Heaven, do not you, I say, by piles of multiplied steeples think so to ascend thither: But as you are Souldiers of the Church Militant, remember the advice of *S. John Baptist's* to the *Cæsareans*; or if you like best the Text of the Apostle, *Let a Bishop or Presbyter be the husband of one wife*; which in the *Rhemish* interpretation, or in the literal, is good; or as the Poet saith,

Pectora nostra duas non admittentia curas.

Yet do not, I beseech you, misunderstand me, for I am not against Pluralities, where they are conferred upon deserving and suffering persons, but I am really against *Plus-plurimalities*.

And so I conclude these well intended Meditations, desiring your *Royal Highness* gracious incouragement, whereby I may be warmed into another Work.

F I N I S.